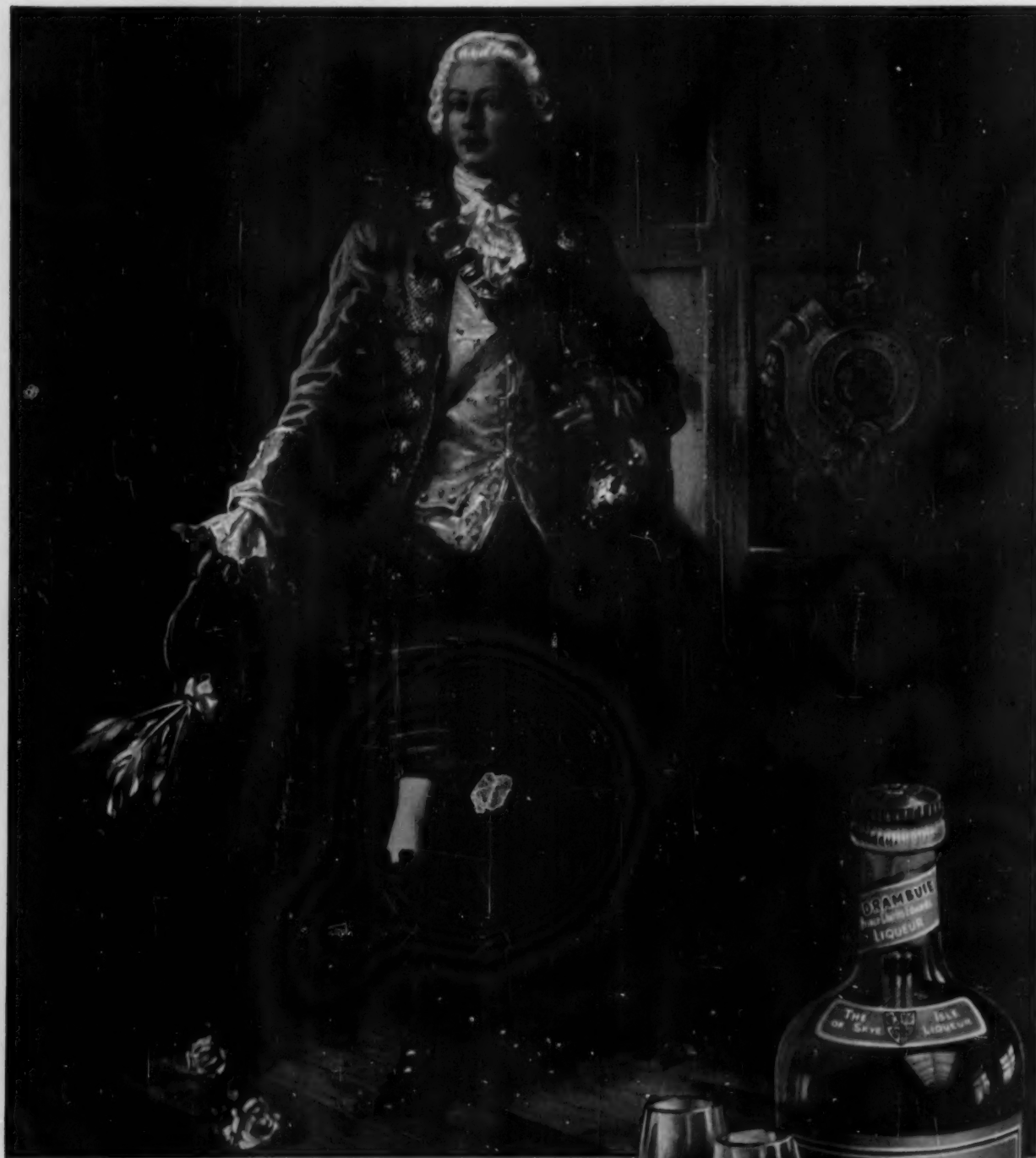


# PUNCH



## ALMANACK 1955

# 2!



Reproduced from the original painting of Prince Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie) in the possession of the Drambuie Liqueur Co. Ltd.

# Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LIQUEUR

The historic origin of Drambuie has always had a romantic appeal, but it is the unique character of the liqueur itself which has made it famous throughout the world.



The Drambuie Liqueur Co. Ltd., 12 York Place, Edinburgh, 1

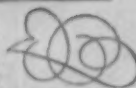


## THE HOUSE OF SOBRANIE

for over seventy-five years has had the advantage of the devoted services of one gifted family—the skill and experience in the selection of tobaccos and the making of cigarettes of each generation has been handed on to the next... Today, Sobranie has a range of cigarettes and pipe tobaccos each of which is unique in its own field. None of them have been designed for the mass market, all of them are specially made for true connoisseurs of smoking.



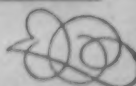
BALKAN SOBRANIE TURKISH for connoisseurs who know that Yenedje leaf is the only possible choice for discerning palates. 8/- for 25



SOBRANIE VIRGINIA No. 40 add the hereditary genius of Sobranie to a choice of the golden leaf of old Virginia. 5/6 for 25



SOBRANIE BLACK RUSSIAN were first made to delight a Russian Grand Duke, exotic oriental leaf in black paper gold tipped. 7/8 for 25



SOBRANIE straight cut VIRGINIA, gives a pleasure you can repeat without becoming its slave—the price is good news for all Sobranie lovers. 4/- for 25



COCKTAIL SOBRANIE make all occasions special occasions—Virginia leaf in a choice of five coloured papers, gold tipped. 5/6 for 25



BALKAN SOBRANIE Smoking Mixture adds a touch of Turkish, Virginia No. 10 a touch of cigar leaf to rich Virginian—both are touches of genius. comes 5/3

IF YOU RESIDE ABROAD and have difficulty in obtaining Sobranie Cigarettes or Pipe Tobaccos, please write to us for duty free prices or name of agent. The new Sobranie Illustrated catalogue is yours for the asking post free.  
SOBRANIE LIMITED 136 CITY ROAD LONDON EC1



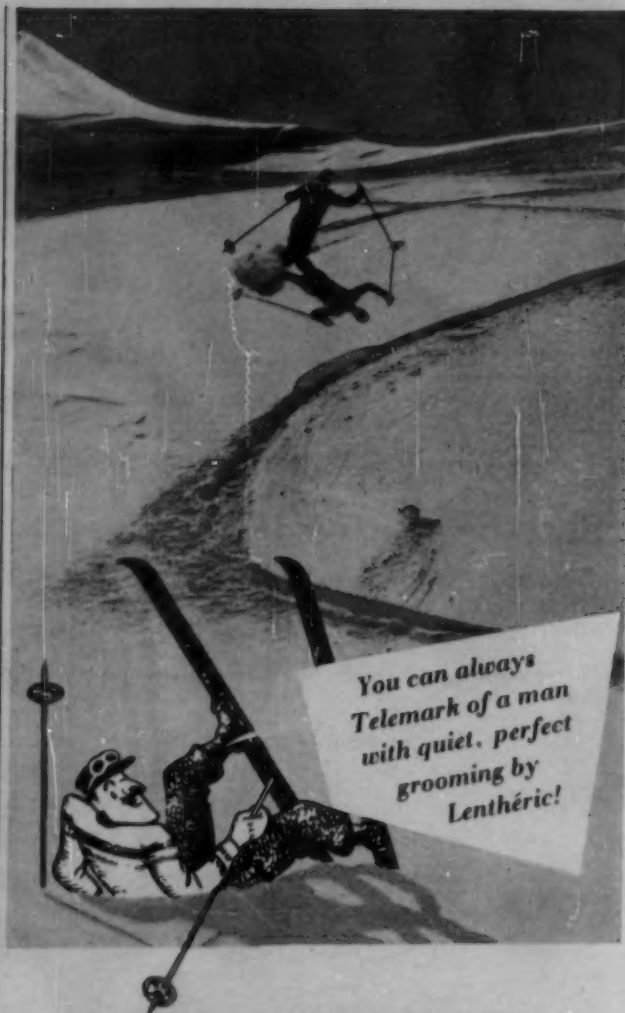


## BREAD SAUCE

There is a tale told among Nannies about a small and bulging boy who wrote a letter to Santa Claus. He asked if he might go to prison.

It seems that he had suffered and indeed was still suffering from a surfeit of rich food at Christmas parties, and he had heard that in prison he would find bread and water. He rather hoped it would be Hovis.

It all goes to show, say the Nannies, that the old nursery rule was best: no cake until you've had two pieces of thick bread and butter. Which is far from a hardship after all, now that the best nurseries invariably have Hovis for tea. For what's lost in discipline by such deliciousness is more than balanced by the gain in health and growth and sheer high spirits that comes from having some Hovis every day.

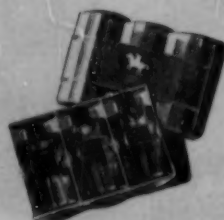


## for men of action

It takes two to make a quarrel, five beans to make five and more than one swallow to make a summer. But there is nothing which makes a man feel more manly than quiet, perfect grooming by Lenthéric.

Many manly men have already proved this.

Many more are rapidly doing so.



## Lenthéric

"Overnighter". This set is specially packed in an unbreakable polythene container—that really is unbreakable and slim for travel bag corners.

Inside are a handy-grip flacon each of After Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne, and Men's Brilliantine. Refills in the standard size easily obtainable at all Lenthéric Stockists. Price 18/9.

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men include After Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Powder, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, Brilliantine, Lather Shaving Cream, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and composite packs "Three Musketeers" and "Huntsman Set". From chosen stockists.





*"I ventured to bring White Horse for Major  
Wilson also, Milord; I assumed he would prefer it"*

Wherever you travel . . .  
start with  
something  
**EXTRA!**

# LUCAS

CAR BATTERIES

have

## 2 YEARS INSURED LIFE

(This scheme applicable to the British Isles only.)

and many patented and exclusive  
features at no extra cost



JOSEPH LUCAS LTD.  
BIRMINGHAM 19

Gloucester, Co. Wicklow.

## IT'S A GIFT!



No other gift offers the many advantages of a REMINGTON 60. Over 10,000,000 enthusiastic users know that for effortless shaving . . . fastest speed . . . smoothest action . . . greatest comfort . . . nothing can compare with a REMINGTON Shaver. Make that special occasion really outstanding. Give him The Gift of Perfect Shaving—give him a REMINGTON! Don't forget there's a £3 allowance for an old electric shaver (any model, any make) handed in to your dealer when you buy a Remington 60.

He'll be SURE of shaving with a  
**REMINGTON 60**  
THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR SHAVER

have you ever enjoyed a



the real thing—mixed to the original  
recipe—is so different because it's made  
with the one and only

**PLYMOUTH**  
the GIN  
of pre-war perfection \*



\* PERFECT - plain (with water) or pink, or with tonic, vermouth, cordials, etc.

# TO EVERY DRIVER OF A NEW CAR

## How to keep your engine in peak condition

**W**HEN YOU HAVE invested a considerable sum of money in buying a new car you don't want to see it deteriorate quickly. But while any amount of care and elbow-grease is spent on keeping body-work gleaming, many drivers are inclined to neglect something far more important — care of the new engine.

If nothing is done about it, your engine will gradually accumulate a tenacious slate-like deposit on valve heads and cylinder-head surfaces. These harmful deposits cause loss of power and extravagant fuel consumption — until, before you know where you are, your 'new' car is approaching middle-age and needing an overhaul.

There is a way of checking this build-up of deposits in your engine. BP Super petrol, with its new additive, BP 08, keeps valves, plugs and piston rings cleaner. Run a new car on BP Super plus BP 08, and the bulk of the products of combustion which might otherwise form

deposits are passed harmlessly out through the exhaust.

### Maintain full compression with BP Super plus BP 08

Your new car will now behave like a new car for a much longer period. The lively performance, smooth running and instant starting, which the car was designed to give you in the first place, it will now go on giving you over thousands of miles.

This is an insurance for which there are no extra premiums. BP Super plus BP 08 costs you not a penny more at the pump. It will cost you far less in the long run, because you get still more miles per shilling, and you won't need to take your car off the road for an overhaul so soon. With BP Super plus BP 08 you are protecting a valuable investment in a safe, easy and economical way.



**Change up to BP Super  
for peak power per piston**





By Appointment  
Wine Merchants



to the late  
King George VI

*To promote Goodwill*

## BETWEEN FRIENDS

What could be more effective, and agreeable, than a case of Harvey's Wines from the celebrated "Bristol Milk" cellars? Each and every one of these cases contains wines of fragrance and nobility, the selection of which has been guided by the wine wisdom of 150 years. Choose with well-placed confidence, therefore; or send for the complete Gift List offering several alternatives, together with illustrated price brochure.

### Case No. 1 - 40/-

- 1 bottle Falanda Sherry, superior rich golden.
- 1 bottle Brown Cap Port, old tawny.

### Case No. 3 - 50/6

- 1 bottle Fino Sherry, light pale dry.
- 1 bottle White Cap Port, old full tawny, dry.
- 1 bottle Sauternes Supérieur.

### Case No. 5 - 60/-

- 1 bottle Merienda Sherry, pale medium dry.
- 1 bottle Select Shooting Sherry, full golden.
- 1 bottle Club Port, old light tawny, special.

### Case No. 7 - 75/-

- 1 bottle Bristol Dry Sherry, very superior old fino.
- 1 bottle The Directors' Bin Port, very superior old tawny, dry.
- 1 bottle Harvey's Réserve Cuvée Champagne.

*The charge includes carriage and packing, and any case will be delivered to any address in Great Britain in time for Christmas, if the order is received by December 14th.*



*"Bright to the Last Drop"*

## JOHN HARVEY

& SONS LTD. (Founded 1796)

12 DENMARK STREET, BRISTOL

Bristol 27661

London Office: 40 KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

TRAfalgar 4436



Sir Horace Hoot, divorced in court,

Came off far better than he thought;

The learned judge awarded Horace

Custody of the PHILIP MORRIS.

... and what a  
wonderful verdict  
at 3/9 for 20!



# PHILIP MORRIS

## CIGARETTES



## only half the story

SLIPPING DOWN THE NIGHT TIDE from Dagenham a ship steams out laden with export vehicles from the largest self-contained factory in Europe. Last year more than one fifth of all cars, trucks and tractors exported from Gt. Britain came from Dagenham. The resultant benefits help to give you a better Ford product at a lower price. But this is

only half the story. To the famous Ford Jetty, only 14 miles from Westminster, come other ships laden with raw materials. This two-way use of water transport, unique in British Motor manufacture, saves time—and money. This enormous saving is passed on to the consumer, another reason why only Ford of Dagenham can offer such value.



**FORD of Dagenham**





**First—they last!**



—'Truvisca' shirts are made by Luvisca Ltd. from an exceptional fabric—a Courtaulds' blend of first-quality Egyptian cotton and high-tenacity rayon yarn: handsome—and strong.

**Second**—they're comfortable: amply tailored, coat-style. Two semi-stiff 'Luvexe' collars, perfect in appearance and wear.

**Third**—big choice of colours—in plain or striped weaves. Look out for 'Truvisca': a better shirt from first to last!



**CUT FOR COMFORT — WOVEN FOR WEAR**

Luvisca Limited, Exeter.

## JEREZ CREAM Choicest Old Oloroso SHERRY



Rich and Luscious with the outstanding quality and flavour that only AGE, EXPERT SELECTION AND BLENDING in JEREZ (Spain) can produce

Shipped only by :—  
**WILSON & VALDESPINO**  
JEREZ · SPAIN



Obtainable from all leading wine Merchants



## Overcoats

We have an excellent stock of ready-to-wear overcoats for all occasions in a wide range of styles, materials and patterns.

**MOSS BROS**  
OF COVENT GARDEN  
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2  
Temple Ear 4477 AND BRANCHES



## A Gillette one-piece for Christmas

Check the men on your Christmas list. Probably all shave and have razors. Don't let that stop you. If they are using old-style razors or those which have lost their precision from being dropped and damaged, they are missing a lot. For their presents mark down Gillette Superspeed as a natural. They'll be delighted with the change. Up-to-date streamlined shaving every day for years to come — here's the Set to give it.

**8/6 value for 6/6.** Quick-action one-piece Razor, Quick-feed Dispenser with six Blue Gillette Blades and discarded blade container. Compact moulded case with transparent lid.



**Superspeed Gift Set**  
This Set consists of 'Rocket' Razor Set, an extra Dispenser with 10 Blue Gillette Blades, and tube of Gillette Shaving Cream — price **11/7**.



**Months of Grand Shaving**  
— two 10-blade Dispensers in cheerful Christmas pack — price **5/8**.





*wallpapers*

*and fabrics*

Play up the curtains and play down the walls —  
or would it look better the other way round? *Why not rehearse  
the whole effect beforehand?* You choose  
wallpapers and fabrics together at

**SANDERSON**

OF BERNERS STREET

*SHOWROOMS:*

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YOUR DECORATOR CAN SHOW YOU THE SANDERSON WALLPAPER BOOK SANDERSON FABRICS CAN BE SEEN AT LEADING FURNISHERS

# OVALTINE

*The World's Best  
Nightcap*



**A** CUP of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime helps to relax nervous tensions and promote the conditions favourable to natural, refreshing sleep. Made from Nature's best foods, its valuable nutritive properties, including additional vitamins, assist in providing the nourishment to restore the tired body and rebuild strength and vitality.

For these reasons delicious 'Ovaltine' has long been the regular bedtime beverage in countless homes throughout the world. There is nothing like it.

**No other beverage can give you better sleep.**

1/6, 2/6, & 4/6 per tin

P.909A



*It's a bright idea . . .* to give Swan Brand this Christmas!

There's something for everyone in the Swan Brand range of electrical products — something that will always look right and be right, made with traditional quality to give a lifetime's service. From all good electrical dealers and stores.



Toasters

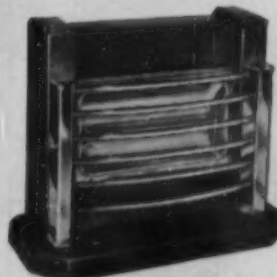
A smart, practical toaster, beautifully finished in light bronze with black base and chromium plated top. Toasts two slices at once and turns them over on opening and shutting the doors. A.C./D.C. Mains.

Price 32/6



Kettles

The attractive 'Royal' kettle makes a very welcome gift. Quick-pouring spout, heat-insulated handle, automatic safety device. A.C./D.C. Mains. Capacities 2-5 pints. Prices from 66/-



Electric Fires

Attractive modern portable fires. 'Woodstock' 1 kw. 109/3; 2 kw. 167/3. Gold or satin silver finish, black base, chromium plated guards. Latest safety guards on all fires.



Percolators

The 'Mayfair' percolator is finished in chromium plate on copper. Black heat-resisting handle. Almost instant percolation, visible through glass inset in lid. Automatic safety device. A.C./D.C. Mains. Price 105/-



*In the home for a* **LIFETIME**

Bulpiett & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18

M-W 359





presents...  
with a future!

There is no doubt about it being "suitable" if you give ANTLER Travel Goods—an elegant gift which reflects the good taste of the donor.



...this Christmas ask for—

**ANTLER**  
TRAVEL GOODS

Ladies please note! The ANTLER Companion Case (75/6 inc. Tax) has been designed especially for you—drop him a hint.

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM 2

*To Her...*  
CHOOSE  
*The Leather Smith*

combined  
**NOTE CASE, COIN PURSE  
& SHOPPING LIST**

Superbly finished in Green, Scarlet or Blue Morocco, or a luxurious Hazel Pigskin. Prices from 47/6d. at all good stores.

**T. & J. Smith Ltd.**  
LOMBARD ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 19. LK. 3671 (5 lines)



LES PARFUMS

**WORTH**

DANS LA NUIT · IMPRUDENCE · REQUÊTE

From the better stores, chemists and hairdressers

PARIS: 129 FAUBOURG, ST. HONORÉ LONDON: 62 GROSVENOR STREET, W.1



... of singular excellence

Cashmere or lambswool, nourished by the proud Bordermen of Hawick in the tradition of yesteryear, blossoms into knitwear of singular excellence. It will not be found everyday and everywhere, but once discover it, and you will cherish and enjoy through the years its heritage of highborn loveliness. This Barrie treasure may be found, from time to time, only in the very best shops.

**Barrie**  
KNITWEAR

BARRIE & KERSEL LTD. · HAWICK · SCOTLAND

*Give her the loveliest  
Christmas present of all*

**KAYSER BONDOR**

*nylons of course*

**G**IVE HER Kayser Bondor nylons—and you give delight! How else could you say so tactfully, so practically, that she deserves the very best? To give her individual top-to-toe proportioned fit, Kayser Bondor nylons are made in 6 sizes 8½" to 11" and 3 leg lengths in some styles. Beautifully fashioned, beautifully finished . . . for longer, lovelier wear.

12 denier 66 gauge at 12/6

15 denier in 51 and 60 gauge at 9/11 and 10/6

30 denier at 8/11 and 9/6

40 denier at 8/11

Lacelon in 30 denier at 11/6

*Be sure you give her Kayser Bondor nylons—they show  
you think a lot of her.*



# ROLLS RAZOR LTD. present the

# VICEROY

with the  
exclusive  
**ANGLED  
HEAD**

## EXCLUSIVE ANGLED HEAD



The improved multiple heads are "angled" for greater shaving accuracy and convenience. "Sideboard" and moustache trimming is now made easy: the heads get right on to the job—and you can always see where you are shaving.

## HIGH-SPEED POWER-UNIT



An entirely new motor unit doubles the number of shearing strokes-per-second of the high-efficiency multiple cutters—completely eliminates 'drag' even with tough beards.

## BUILT-IN 'ON-OFF' SWITCH



Control of the 'double-speed' 'V-Ten' shaver is by a built-in switch naturally positioned immediately under the thumb. Just a touch puts it 'on' or 'off'.

## SNAP-CHANGE VOLTAGE SWITCH



The 'V-Ten' operates on any current and a wide range of voltages (90-250v.). A snap-change switch in the base instantly gives you the voltage needed. No outside transformers required.

## QUICK RELEASE HEAD UNIT



For quick, easy cleaning, the precision-made heads lift out completely in one piece from their ingenious holder. No screws to remove; no separate parts to fiddle with or lose.

## SLIP-ON 'HAIR-TRAP' CASING AND HEAD GUARD



Integral 'hair-trap' casing protects mechanism for long life and efficiency; collects whiskers; slip-on transparent guard gives complete protection to the heads when not in use.

## ELEGANT, HAND-FITTING DESIGN



The 'V-Ten' is anatomically designed for comfort in a man's hand, and to give maximum effect to the principle of the 'angled heads'. Trim and elegant in attractive duo-tone plastic.

## OPTIONAL ACCESSORY FOR GLOBE-TROTTERS



For those who travel, a small, handy case is available containing a complete range of U.S. and Continental adaptors—always useful for most other electrical appliances.



brilliantly-new

**V-TEN**

Pat. 2055/54

## ELECTRIC SHAVER

**A NEW 'SLANT' ON SHAVING COMFORT,**

**SPEED AND EFFICIENCY** You're looking at something entirely new in electric shavers! From the moment you feel its elegant shape in your hand right through to the extra shaving accuracy of the double-speed ANGLED heads, you'll find the Viceroy 'V-Ten' different and incomparably better.

**THE FINEST ELECTRIC SHAVER EVER MADE—BAR NONE**

Behind this new Viceroy 'V-Ten' is the accumulated experience of over 25 years' specialised production in shaving equipment. Its many outstanding and exclusive features combine to give a faster, closer, more comfortable dry shave than has ever before been possible.

**£9.17.8d.** Complete in superb 'snap-close' silk and velvet lined presentation case. You must see it to appreciate it!

At local dealers everywhere.



# VICEROY

**The Rolls Razor of Dry Shavers**

**OTHER VICEROY MODELS FROM AS LITTLE AS £5.6.6**

"Twin-Four" (AC/DC, 90-250v.) £8.16.4d. "Universal" (AC/DC, 90-250v.) £6.13.8d. The "A.C." (200-250v.) £5.6.6d. and the "Non-Electric" (hand-operated) £5.9.5d. Prices include Tax and apply in U.K. only.



**...and for traditionalists—  
THE WORLD'S FINEST  
ONE-BLADE SAFETY**

# ROLLS RAZOR

For those whom nothing will wean from soap-and-water shaving, we offer the unique and famous Rolls Razor. With its hollow-ground blade honed and stropped in its own distinguished case, the Rolls Razor is a revelation in speed, comfort and economy. One blade will give luxurious service year after year. Here's an enthusiast, for example, who tells us his "*Rolls Razor is still shaving perfectly after 25 years!*" Our files are full of similar letters. With Christmas coming, the world's 'most gifted' razor makes a very fine present indeed.

Price 53/3d. complete, or in attractive Presentation Leather Pouch Set, with extra blade 79/6d. Prices include Purchase Tax and apply in U.K. only.

**ROLLS RAZOR LTD.,** Head Office, Works & Service, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

Showrooms: 193 Regent Street, London, W.1. (Callers only.)



### *Nappies aired yet, Mrs. Hollis?*

When washed in water soft as rain, clothes are really clean and free from hard-water lime deposits. In laundries, Albright & Wilson's 'CALGON' (Sodium Metaphosphate) has long been used to soften hard water. 'CALGON' is not a soap, nor a detergent, but simply a water softening powder. It is now being distributed through retail shops for all home uses.

*A sample of Calgon will be sent on request.*



*Chemicals for Industry*

**ALBRIGHT & WILSON**

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www.100

# "Let's make it a Morris..."



Wisest words you'll speak in a lifetime! For Morris offer you *more of everything* that makes motoring an unqualified pleasure. **MORE POWER:** a lively O.H.V. engine provides ample power for rapid acceleration and fast cruising speeds. **MORE ROOM:** sofa-wide seats within-the-wheelbase and torsion bar front wheel suspension give lounge-easy travel over long distances. **MORE STYLE:** beautiful modern-styled body contours, with safety glass all-round, make every 'Quality First' Morris an investment in pride and long-lasting value.

**SO MUCH THE BETTER**  
in "Quality First" features

Remember - Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.

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MINOR · COWLEY · OXFORD



MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD.

London Distributors: Morris House, Berkeley Square, W.1. Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Limited, Oxford & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

C.195/54



*points* you don't see...

but do notice. In a Constructors desk there are seven standard parts which can be assembled in many ways. Thus continuity of style is preserved throughout a range designed for a variety of purposes. Features contributing to their enduring efficiency are ① Streamline curved edge. ② All-drawer control lock. ③ Non-rebound closure. ④ Progressive roller bearing. ⑤ Height-adjustable plinth. Please write for catalogue P/760 for full specification.

Approved by the Council of Industrial Design.

## CONSTRUCTORS

Regd. Trade Mark.

STEEL EQUIPMENT FOR OFFICE AND FACTORY

Constructors Group, Tyburn Road, Birmingham 24. Tel. \*ERDington 1616  
London Office: 98, Park Lane, W.1. Mayfair 3074  
And at Manchester, Leeds, Bournemouth and Leicester.

**Glayva**  
SCOTCH LIQUEUR

Edinburgh, rich in architecture and in the natural beauty of its setting, has been called the modern Athens. It has also many distinctive arts and crafts amongst which is the making of "Glayva" a distinguished Scotch Liqueur which has made many friends far beyond its borders

RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH



... for economy!  
... for comfort!



... buy a TILLEY Paraffin (kerosene) Pressure RADIATOR! No smoke—no smell! No wires—no flexes and simple to operate! Think! 12 hours cosy warmth on only 1½ pints of paraffin, and remember—you can take it where you want it when you want it! It is beautifully finished in polished brass and cream enamel.

The Tilley Radiator has been supplied to a satisfied public for the last thirty years; nevertheless in accordance with the present regulations a new guard has been fitted.

Price £2/6 (complete).

Write TODAY for illustrated leaflets and name of your nearest Stockist!

THE  
**TILLEY**  
LAMP COMPANY LIMITED

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LONDON, W.1

**Lucky dog**

he's correctly fed on

**RED HEART**

Ask any authority on dogs why "Red Heart" is an ideal food, and you will be told that "Red Heart" contains all the essentials for bounding health, including real red meat, liver and cod liver oil. Condition your dog as you feed him with "Red Heart."



WELSH TERRIER  
(From a photo by  
Tina in the Red Heart  
series.)



FREE—Six picture cards of "Red Heart" dogs. Send 6 Red Heart labels with your name and address IN BLOCK LETTERS please, and mark your envelope "DOG PICTURES."

JOHN MORRELL & CO. LTD., P.O. BOX 100, LIVERPOOL, 1  
If you are a CAT owner ask for "Red Heart" CAT FOOD

This little bulb makes a BIG

**Splash**



Why the 'Eureka' look? She's discovered that one finger-size Sparklet Bulb makes a full syphon of fine, fighting 'soda'. The secret?—someone has given her a Sparklet Refillable Syphon.

With a Sparklet there's a soda-fountain right in your own home to give you lively, made-on-the-spot 'soda' as fresh as your own water supply.



### EASY ON THE EYE

Take your pick from a variety of colour schemes to harmonise with any surroundings—a Sparklet can hold up its head on the smartest of sideboards.

### EASY ON THE POCKET

Sparklet's thrifty habits belie its Park Lane appearance. With Sparklet Bulbs costing only 5½d. each, the syphon declares a dividend on every drink. And remember—no outstanding deposit charges, no clutter of empties.

STANDARD MODEL, 48/-

STREAMLINE MODELS, 74/9 & 84/-

See Sparklet Syphons at chemists and stores,  
or write for illustrated leaflet to:—

Dept. 10, Sparklets Limited, Queen Street, London, N.17

**SPARKLET**  
Refillable SYPHON



"...and one for the HOME !"



BY APPOINTMENT  
GIN DISTILLERS TO  
THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD OF  
BOOTH'S DISTILLERS  
LIMITED

Choose  
**BOOTH'S**  
DRY GIN

There is only one **BEST**

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.  
BOTTLE 33/9 • HALF BOTTLE 17/7 • QTR. BOTTLE 9/2 • MINIATURE 3/7



### NESTLÉ'S MILK

Richest in Cream...  
an old and cherished  
favourite



### IDEAL MILK

Delicious with Fruit  
...tinned or fresh.  
Never be without it



### NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE

The familiar favourite  
in the red and  
gold wrapper



### MILO

Cup of health...  
puts back lost energy.  
Drink Milo every night



If it's Nestlé's  
it's good... very good!

### "HOME MADE" CHOCOLATES

Those fabulous fillings...  
a special treat for  
special occasions



### RICORY

You must try  
a cup of Ricory...  
the new coffee  
and chicory drink

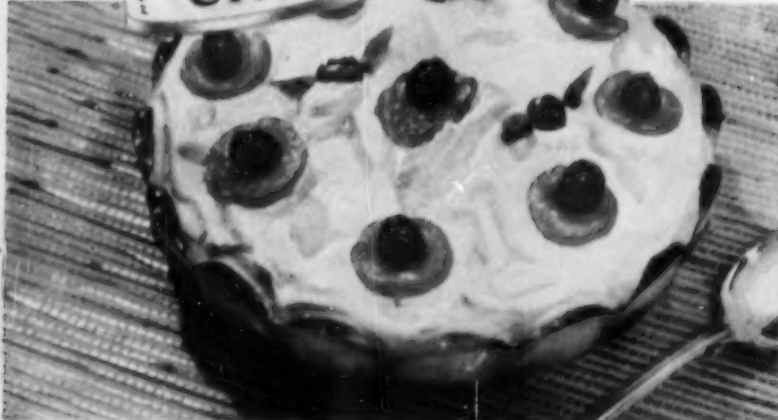


### Have you tried APRICOT TRIFLE...

party excitement that's good for them too!

5 or 6 slices of Swiss jam roll, 1 tin or jar  
of firm apricots; or 1½ lb. of fresh  
apricots stewed in a syrup of 8 ozs. sugar  
and 1 pt. of water. 1 pt. custard.  
6 ozs. tin of Nestlé's Pure Cream.  
1 or 2 macaroons if possible.  
1 oz. blanched almonds. 2-3 tablespoonfuls  
of sherry.

Cut the jam roll into small cubes and place  
with broken macaroons in the bottom of a fairly  
shallow glass dish. Pour the sherry with a little  
of the apricot juice over it to soak. Cut up  
some of the apricots in cubes and add to the  
dish. Pour over the custard. Allow to set.  
Pile the Nestlé's Cream roughly so that it is  
fairly high in the centre. Decorate with Apricots,  
glace cherries and angelica just before serving.  
This recipe is equally delicious with any other  
tinned or fresh fruit.



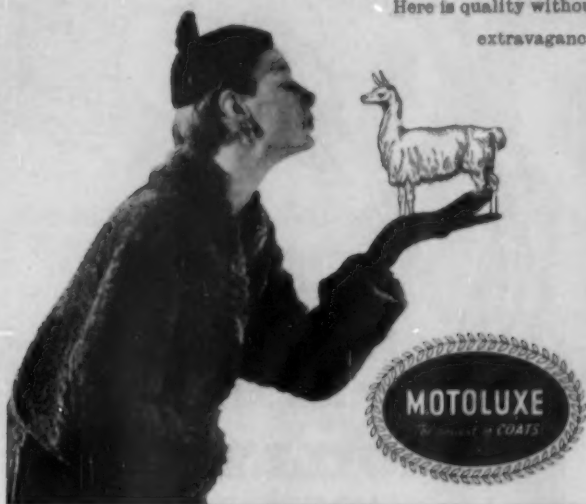
## Lady—you're wearing my coat

An obliging little character the Llama. He willingly sheds his summer coat for your winter warmth—your luxury.

Llama hair (alpaca), softer by far than sheep's wool and more durable, finds its loveliest interpretation in "Motoluxe".

Coats, Motor Rugs, Foot Muffs—and other accessories; gloves to match—even Coats for men.

Here is quality without extravagance.



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*It's Grant's!*

Welcome Always—keep it Handy

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MORELLA

**CHERRY BRANDY**

TIME HAS PROVED — THE CONNOISSEUR ASKS FOR GRANT'S

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Sheer luxury! Because they are woven from the softest, purest Scotch wool — in lovely pastel shades and cream. They are guaranteed for 10 long years — and simplicity itself to wash. As so often happens, the best is by no means the most expensive.

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... guaranteed for 10 years

*and the  
best cots  
Too...*



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London Office: Roxburghe House, 287 Regent Street, London, W.1

*Princely luxury...but far from princely prices!*





### Gordon's DRY GIN

No Christmas is complete without it. Mix it with everything — fruit squash, tonic water, vermouth, ginger ale. Bottle 33/9d.; ½ bottle 17/7d.; ¼ bottle 9/4d.; Miniature 3/7d.



### Gordon's ORANGE GIN & LEMON GIN

Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, but full-strength gin made with pure oranges and lemons. Best taken neat, but add tonic water or a little soda water if preferred. Bottle 32/-; ½ bottle 16/9d.; Miniature 3/5d.

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Six famous Gordon flavours, each one mixed by experts and ready to serve. Ensures success of any party. PERFECT . PICCADILLY . DRY MARTINI . MARTINI . BRONX . FIFTY-FIFTY. Bottle 21/-; ½ bottle 11/3d.; Miniature 2/5d.

# Gordon's

*Stands Supreme*

SAY  
"Noilly Prat"  
and your 'French'  
will be perfect . . .



*Here's the perfect way to serve it*

- ☆ Gin and French. ½ Gin, ½ Noilly Prat.
- ☆ Bronx Cocktail. ½ Noilly Prat, ½ Italian Vermouth, ½ Gin, Juice of ½ orange.
- ☆ Short Noilly Prat. Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth, then dropped into it.
- ☆ Long Noilly Prat. Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.



## NOILLY PRAT

BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN THE LARGE BOTTLE IN FRANCE

— by insisting on Gin and Noilly Prat  
you ensure getting Gin and 'French'.

## Free as a Bird



You're air-conditioned in  
**AERTEX** all year round

In Aertex, you've no need to worry if it's too hot or too cold (and it's sure to be one or the other). You're always comfortable because the air-cells in the weave cool you in the heat

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recently as usual we found  
Accles & Pollock had caught  
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throwing their weight  
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with the entire staff on the bus seats  
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could a well-conducted bus  
or coach company want?

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GO ON ACCLES - NOW'S YOUR  
CHANCE TO SLIP A DECENT SIZED  
NAME DISPLAY IN THE  
ADVERTISEMENT

THAT  
PEOPLE CAN  
SEE

ACCLES

# Causeurie

## Pearls of wisdom

Perennial problem when people drop in for a drink is what to give them to go with it. Many of to-day's smartest nibble dishes glitter with the pristine whiteness of Heinz Pearl Onions! Serve on or off toothpicks.

## Nuts!

Throw away that May complex. Any time of the year you can sally out and gather a jar of our Pickled Walnuts. They're fine, big, flawless beauties, submerged in a delicately spiced walnut ketchup. Help yourself to them with cold meat or bread and cheese.

## Problem solved!

Do you pine for those crisp white celery sticks when they're out of season? We've got something to help you to stem that nostalgia. Heinz Celery Salt has the real straight-from-the-garden celery flavour. Sorry we can't manage the crunch, crunch!

## Coming Sahib!



Heinz Indian Mango Chutney is a true cosmopolitan. You'll find that it's equally at home with a red hot curry or a plate of cold lean British beef. It's a subtle blend of fruit and spices unobtainable in this country. We have to send to India for them. We think you'll agree it's worth the trouble!

## Social trend

Sociologists report that people in our days would rather drink tomatoes than throw them. We modestly believe that Heinz Tomato Juice has contributed to this change of heart. Open a tin for yourself and see. It's made from sun-ripened tomatoes that give it a full-bodied flavour and velvety smoothness. A first rate sun-upper or sundowner!

## In conclusion

You will find that anything with the Heinz label is everything that you'd expect from the most famous name in food. From soups to salad dressings, pickles to puddings, Heinz foods are invariably just that much better.

Put it down to 85 years' experience in the business, plus the formidable qualifications of the Heinz chefs.

**HEINZ** 57

# MONK & GLASS Fruit Heart JELLIES

*The very newest Jellicacy!*

MADE WITH REAL FRUIT JUICE



## The secret of THE FRUIT HEART JELLY

This is



the Fruit  
THE REAL FRUIT

That gives



the Juice

THE REAL FRUIT JUICE

That goes



in the Heart

THE SEALED-IN HEART

That makes



MONK  
& GLASS

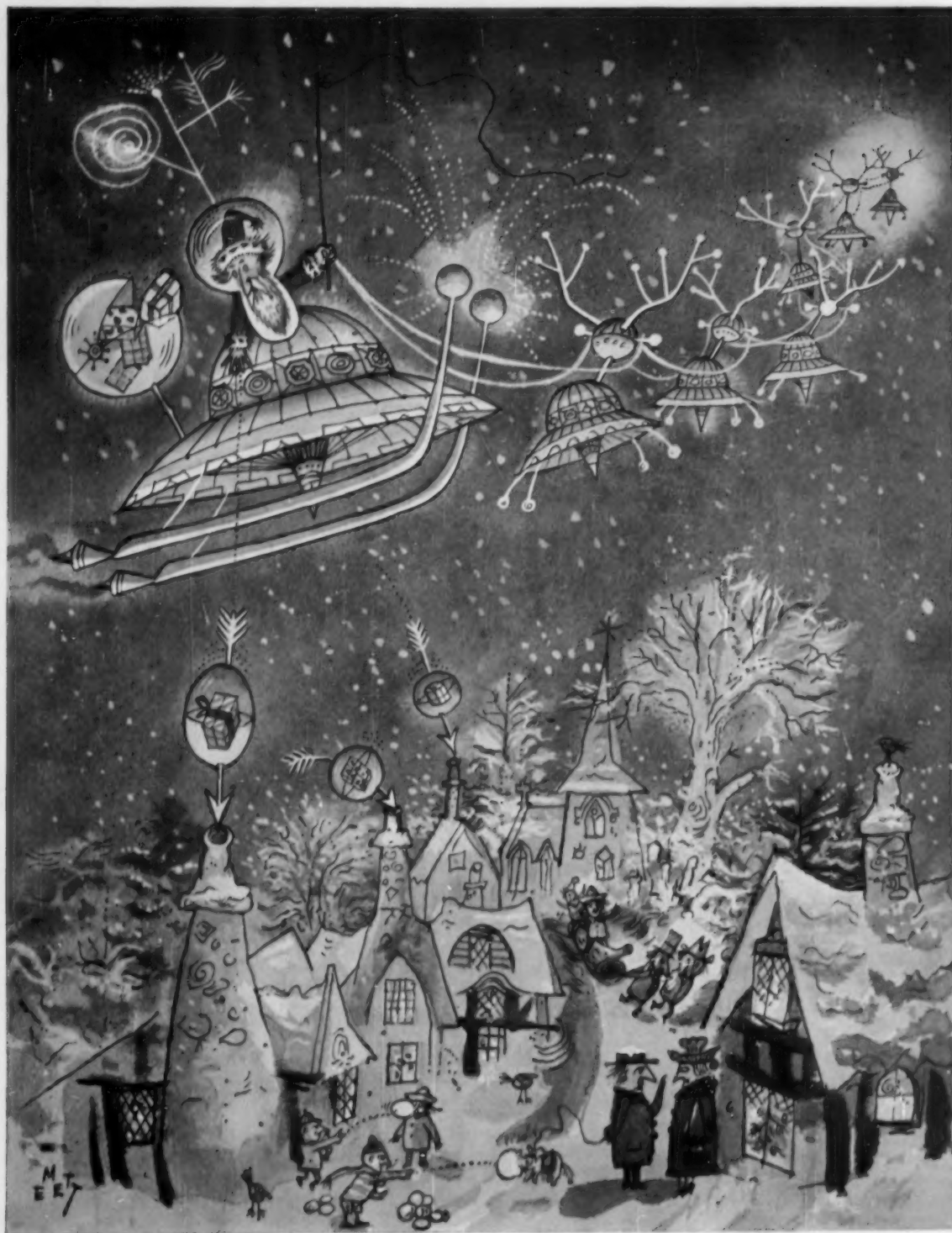
## FRUIT HEART JELLIES

*delightfully  
different*

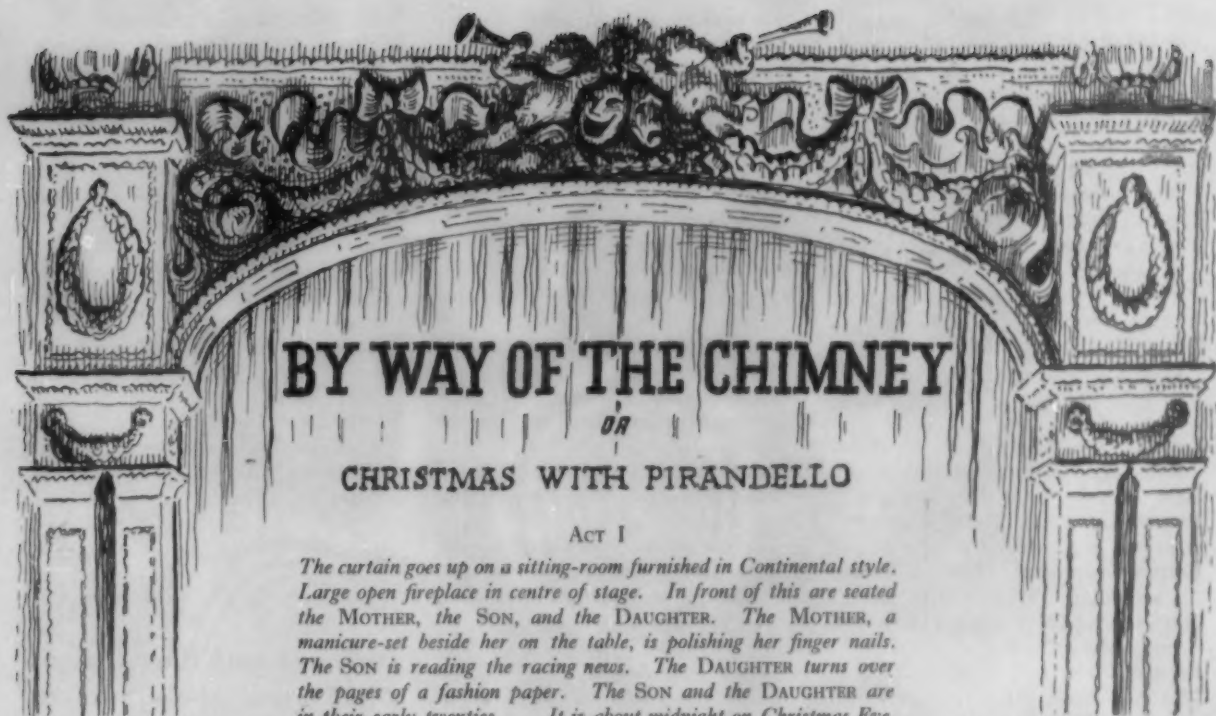
Pick your Fruit  
GREENGAGE  
STRAWBERRY  
RASPBERRY  
LEMON  
ORANGE







*"Anyhow, thank goodness science will never be allowed to mess about with the Good Old-fashioned Christmas."*



# BY WAY OF THE CHIMNEY

OR

## CHRISTMAS WITH PIRANDELLO

### ACT I

*The curtain goes up on a sitting-room furnished in Continental style. Large open fireplace in centre of stage. In front of this are seated the MOTHER, the SON, and the DAUGHTER. The MOTHER, a manicure-set beside her on the table, is polishing her finger nails. The SON is reading the racing news. The DAUGHTER turns over the pages of a fashion paper. The SON and the DAUGHTER are in their early twenties. It is about midnight on Christmas Eve.*

**M**OTHER: He should be arriving any minute now.  
SON: Who?

MOTHER: You know well who.

DAUGHTER: What sort of form will he be in this year?

MOTHER: Much the same as usual. I haven't seen him all day. But he is always over-excited when Christmas comes round.

SON: He can still manage the flue without enlargement?

MOTHER: Oh, yes. If anything, he lost weight during the autumn.

DAUGHTER: And he still thinks we haven't guessed?

MOTHER: Of course he does. Why, he even thinks I am taken in myself. Me, after all these years! *(Puts down her nail file.)* And yet sometimes I am not sure that I am not almost taken in . . . He looks so strange in that white beard—quite unlike himself.

DAUGHTER: It is the red pointed hat with the fur round it that alters him for me. I can imagine him under the beard. Somehow I can never believe he would wear that hat.

*The SON suddenly jumps up and begins to pace up and down the room.*

SON: There you go again—talking as if you believed he really is—is—

DAUGHTER: Go on. Say it.

SON *(collapsing in his chair again)*: —is Father Christmas.

MOTHER: Oh, *must* we have all this over again this year too? We know that it is only a pretence. After all, it is not asking much, is it—that he should be allowed to do this once a year?

SON: It is not his doing it I mind. What I can't bear is the idea that you should both be taken in.

MOTHER: But we are not taken in!

SON: But you yourself just said that you were almost convinced.

MOTHER: I was not speaking seriously.

DAUGHTER: Still, you must admit he looks very different.

SON: That is just what worries me. Supposing it turned out that after all—

MOTHER: That after all, what?

SON: That—that it wasn't him.

MOTHER: But if it wasn't him, who could it be?

SON: Why, the real Father Christmas, of course.

MOTHER: But if it were the real Father Christmas, where has your father been on all these other Christmas Eves?

DAUGHTER: Where, indeed?

MOTHER: You are impossible children! First, you complain that you have to

come to this little family party to humour your father—just because he thinks that you still believe in Father Christmas—then you tell me that you do not believe it is your father.

*At that moment there is a noise from the fireplace and a heavy fall of soot. Two top boots appear and hang for a moment above the grate. Then, with much difficulty, Father Christmas appears, dragging a large sack after him.*

FATHER CHRISTMAS: A Merry Christmas, all!

ALL: And a Merry Christmas to you, Father Christmas!

FATHER CHRISTMAS *begins searching in his sack. He brings out three parcels and hands them round.*

MOTHER: You have come a long way to see us.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: If I had gone farther I might have fared worse.

SON: Someone once said that you have to run very fast to remain in the same place.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: And they spoke the truth.

DAUGHTER: You mean you have remained in the same place?

FATHER CHRISTMAS: On the contrary, I never said that I had been running







"'Dame Ninette,' I said, 'I'm utterly dedicated to Ballet and all that, but if I wanted to play Ugly Sister I'd do it on Ice Panto for MILLIONS a week.'"

# Tough Guys and Dolls

By LORD KINROSS

AS the child is father to the man, so the toy is father to the child. In this century of progress, when almost all are human, the gap between them narrows, causing dolls to become like children, children like women, and women like dolls.

Dolls to-day, of all types, have a soft and lifelike feel. They are washable, strokable, unbreakable. They have skins of latex, velvety smooth. They whistle softly when squeezed. They sleep. They sit. Soon, no doubt, they will eat. They walk through the spacious halls of the shop, rolling eyes, waving eyelashes, turning heads coquettishly from side to side. They roller-skate through them too, doing the same.

Dolls talk—saying less this year than last, since the disc which prompted them tended to slip, like the discs of humans. Their hair, which has roots, can—indeed must—be shampooed and brushed and combed; every doll has its “perm kit.” “The more you wash my lustrous hair,” proclaims one, with an air of command, “the better it looks.” Their clothes are designed—and frequently, to meet changes in fashion, re-designed—by Mr. Norman Hartnell and staffs of experienced *couturiers*; their *coiffures*, equally capricious in style, by staffs of experienced *coiffeurs*. Once uniformly Teutonic, like Gretchens, in looks, they reflect to-day the infinite, rich variety of the British suburban species.

Dolls' houses are luxury villas, half-timbered, cement-rendered in the impeccable taste of the Highest Suburbia.

There is a choice between “fashionable Tudor” and Queen Anne, “that lovely style so often seen in the English countryside.” Metal-framed windows are draped with art curtains. The sun-porch is tiled. Electric light—but unaccountably no running water—is installed in the rooms, which are furnished with three-piece suites, Jacobean or modernistic, and “tastefully decorated with wallpaper and imitation lino on floors.” There is a built-in garage, with electrically-operated doors which the entering luxury car automatically opens.

Naturally, the domestic virtues prevail. With Belinda Bun

*you can have lots of fun.  
She loves to work as well as play.  
Her broom sweeps clean as clean, they  
say.*

The iron, with a movable thermostat dial, made of lightweight metal and durable plastic and complete with junior ironing-board, is “just like Mummy's.” So is the chromium-plated pram, which can hold twin dolls, small-sized twin babies, or a doll and a small baby, according to requirements. The dish-washing machine is electric. So is the carpet-sweeper. All is of plastic, thermoplastic—cellulose-acetate, polystyrene, polyethylene, polyvinylchloride and the rest.

Education for children, though not yet for dolls, is supplied through a brand of “Sensible” toys, designed “to assist the baby or child with some stage of his development, in addition to giving

the maximum of play-value.” They range from hygienic teething beads and teething rings *de luxe* to nesting jars, pyramid rings (“wonderful training in size and shape relationship”), interlocking building cubes (“teaches patience and finger control”), kiddie-clocks, kiddiescales, and word-making blocks which can be pulled along like a train. Of equally high education value is the kumapart steamroller and an advanced form of art called “painting in oils by numbers.”

The toy, hygienic, hygienically stuffed, “can be washed indefinitely in hot soapy water or with detergents,” and bears, on its person, the Seal of Purity. Squeeze-me toys are “individually packed in transparent bag.” Rubber toys can be “gnawed, chewed, sucked and bitten” with impunity. But plastics deny the modern child the reactionary luxury of licking off paint.

Bent on progress, he shows, on the whole, a healthy distaste for fantasy. The boy, in particular, demands that his playthings be as real and as earnest as those of his father. His helicopter works by electric remote control. His revojet fighter has a real jet engine, with solid fuel, or else the smallest diesel engine in the world. He has an “aero-styled car with ball-bearing shaft drive and working two-speed gears,” in which he learns to “change gears quietly like the best grown-up motorists do,” to oil his gear-box and to “make sure screws are tight and washers put back in the right place under the screw-heads.” The fleet of vehicles in his garage







may include tractors, bull-dozers, tip lorry dumpers, milk delivery vans ("with Grade A milk direct from our own farms"), concrete mixers, flying saucers, Bren gun carriers and an aircraft carrier with a built-in pencil sharpener.

The track formations of his railway system are progressively graded, with a power supply unit and an indefinitely expandable layout. His trolleybus, starting and stopping at the sound of a bell, is driven no longer by clockwork but by a kinetic motor and fly-wheel, a system since adopted by a bus service in Switzerland. More progressive than his father, he is quite at home in the stratosphere, forever armed with a supersonic beam gun, a space compass, and an interplanetary walkie-talkie, self-contained and atomic-powered.

But in the progressive world of ball-bearing skipping-ropes, tops with precision-built gear-boxes, Christmas trees with fibre branches, and midget

multi-shape balloons, there are disturbing signs of reaction. The wigwam still holds its own with the luxivilla, the galleon with the space-ship, the covered wagon with the Sherman tank. At fancy-dress parties the cowboy still ousts the space-man, Red Riding Hood the waitress. Model armies are still composed largely of infantry, including knights in armour; farming, with its cart-horses and hob-nailed yokels, is not yet wholly mechanized; and the railways, with L M S and G W trucks, not wholly nationalized. The Noah's Ark, followed hot-foot by the hobby-horse, has made a disquieting return to the nursery.

Above all, among the TV Glove Puppets and the plush-cuddly, nylon furleen squeakalongs, there still reigns, unchanged but for a sharper expression and a lambskin hide, the teddy bear. Still unable, like commoner dolls, to walk or talk or roll his eyes, the teddy bear has yet to evolve into the teddy boy.

## The Lesson

NOW put your newspapers away,  
The lesson we must learn to-day  
Is how to solve the Simulta-  
-neous Equation:  
Let  $x$  be us, as best we may,  
And  $y$  the nation.

$x$  multiplies the individ-  
-ual urges of the basic Id—  
The girl-friend, lover, wife and kid:  
I use these hy-  
-phens to emphasise how we divide  
Ourselves by  $y$ .

$y$ , communist or democratic,  
Progressive, reactionary, or static,  
Is only true to the magnetic  
Infinitesimal  
Shifts of its pole-point, this erratic  
 $x$ -human decimal.

That's you, your life and what you  
make it,  
This mortal muck and how you rake it,  
The horse with wings and how you  
back it:  
All politicians  
Are a b— racket (or a bracket)  
Round these divisions.

And here we live, as best we may,  
And quarrelling politicians say  
The answer is to get their way  
By nuclear fission—  
Which is, of course, a Simulta-  
-neous Equation.

PATRIC DICKINSON



# Some Everyday PLEASURES and PAINS

By G. W. STONIER



**OPENING** a parcel—untying the string  
 Nearing a little hill-top  
 Buying old books and not reading them  
 Starting Proust, Gibbon, Don Quixote—any  
 of the great unfinishables  
 Switching off the wireless  
 Boring those we dislike  
 Driving along by-passes at night—circling the ghostly  
 roundabout—waiting at traffic lights  
 Taking one's tie, one's shoes off  
 Barrel-organ in the rain—how it totters on bandaged feet  
 through an old dance, missing most of the steps  
 Swimming-bath voices  
 Seeing oneself in shop-windows  
 Fitting the last piece into a jigsaw and stepping back  
 Drawing corks—loosening a metal top under the hot tap  
 Trains in the night  
 Antics of a music-hall singer seen from the sidelong bar  
 that excludes sound  
 Cry of a newspaperman in the dusk  
 New packs of notes at the bank, crisply told  
 Dabbling fingers in a stream  
 Snow round a street lamp, or descending into water  
 From a Tube carriage, seeing the doors  
 shut against a portly late-comer  
 Looking into a dark garage from a sunny  
 street  
 Plucking the leaves from leaf-artichokes,  
 squeezing shrimps out of shells, pulling the  
 stalk out of a succulent pear  
 Yawning under the sky  
 Newspaper left behind — handling it  
 gingerly, especially if others are looking  
 Someone *daring* a bus to run over him  
 A horse funeral  
 Reading in a hot bath, with the electric lamp like a  
 moon through mist  
 Passing people at a bus stop over which has been pasted a  
 notice announcing a temporary stop elsewhere  
 Tight little parcel with finger-loop—reek of freshly ground  
 coffee  
 Tramp feathered like a field marshal, stretching in the sun,  
 scratching, producing half a loaf and a knife  
 Hearing a fire-engine, turning, and pretending to be  
 dismayed  
 A raindrop on a window gathering, running down, swelling  
 another, breaking  
 Dripping sealing-wax on the reversed envelope  
 Exploring on a hot summer night the cool overlap of sheet  
 Jogging along in a train—puff-puff, preferably uphill—past  
 astonished pigs

Making one's pains pleasures



**LIFTING** the big coffee-pot they have forgotten  
 to fill  
 Dogged all day by the Light Programme  
 Sung at by musicians, snapped by photo-  
 graphers, accosted by the flag-day flirt—one  
 points to one's button-hole, it's empty  
 Walking down the moving stairs that have stopped moving  
 Hearing about one's double  
 The car with the four-note horn  
 A moth brushing the cheek just as one is about to fall asleep  
 Buying a stamp and hopelessly overlicking it  
 Hearing one's Christian name called—one resists—again—  
 one turns—quite a lot of people staring, all strangers, and  
 whoever shouted is silent  
 Hotel room where the basin gurgles sympathetically to all  
 the other basins  
 Seeing one's selves at the tailor's  
 Sudden subsidence—trouser button gone: how many left?  
 Flicking cigarette-ash into the ink  
 Saying hullo to someone you don't know in the lift, having  
 yesterday failed to say hullo to someone you did  
 Smiling good-bye, walking briskly round the corner, to  
 bump into the very person you have quitted, who has taken  
 another way  
 Broken romance, when the girl in front  
 looks round  
 Revolving doors, always with a slow-coach  
 ahead and a tornado behind  
 Treading on a snail  
 The not quite empty match-box—one  
 dead-head  
 Outside the telephone boxes where everyone  
 devotes his lunch-hour to a girl or a bookie  
 Posting a letter, and remembering as  
 it plops that this letter was on no  
 account to be posted



Waking early, having dreamt that the telephone bell's  
 ringing  
 A horse drooping over his fallen nosebag  
 Sixpence rolling through a grating  
 Removing the hundreds of skin particles, one by one, from  
 a cup of coffee  
 Snip, snip round that baldness receding to eternity at the  
 barber's  
 Heat wave, and how everyone warms seats for everyone else  
 The passenger in the Tube who stops staring only so long  
 as you stare back  
 Spooning a spider out of the front door with a newspaper;  
 at once he is blown back  
 At a party, coming on a small tumbler of gin, and sur-  
 reptitiously drinking it off, to find it's water  
 making one's pleasures pains.



*"All right, Brannigan—we know you're in there!"*



# An Address on the Telly

By ALEX ATKINSON

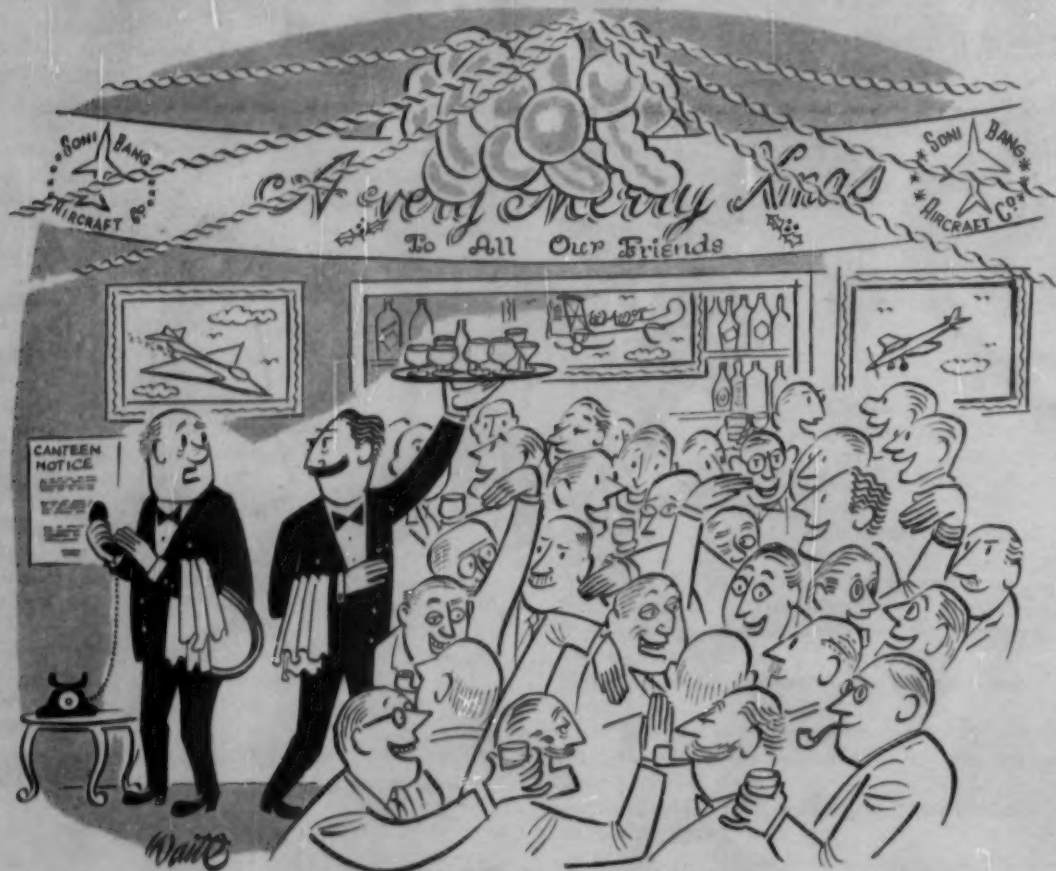
I WAS not always a god. It seems strange to me now, as I look back, to think that at one time—somewhere about the late 'fifties or early 'sixties—I was simply an expert on boots, no more and no less. And shoes, of course.

There may be those among you who remember some of my early appearances on the Telly. I used to hold up boots and talk about them. "This is a very old boot," I would say, "and you will notice the way the leather has cracked. Notice the eyelet-holes: some are distorted through continual pulling on the laces. Notice how thin the sole has worn. This is the sole, of course." Then I would put down the boot and pick up a shoe. (Later on an unseen assistant would hand me the shoe, or whatever it was. He was a nice fellow, and I often

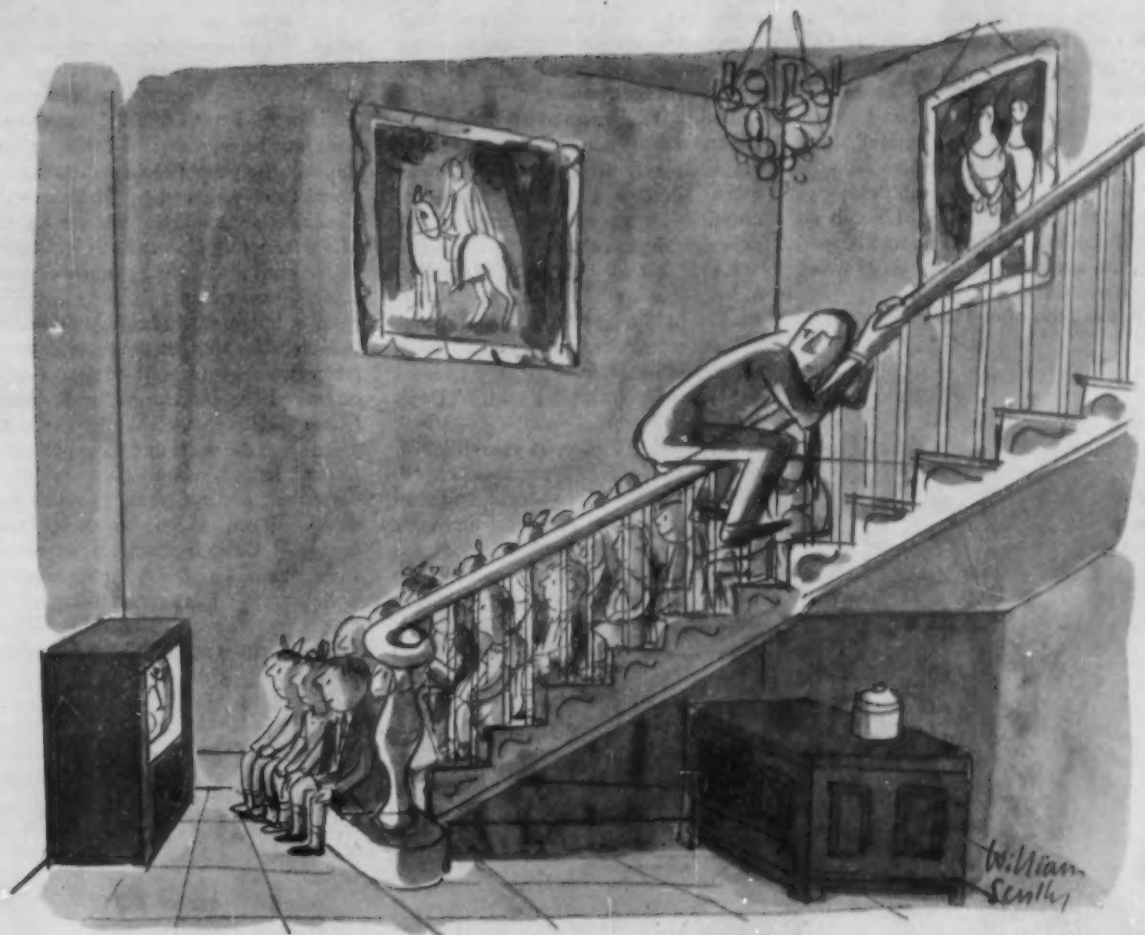
wonder what became of him.) "Now here is a shoe," I would say, "of the period 1950 to 1960. A man's shoe. Notice how little our shoes have changed. The toes go in this end, and this part is for the heel." Then I would tap the heel with my finger.

I forget how I came to make a start with my boots on the Telly. I probably knew somebody (I certainly don't know him now), and in any case showing boots and shoes was at that time just what was wanted for the Telly. Perhaps anybody would have done, if he could get hold of enough specimens and had the knack of talking about them. That was vital, of course, the knack. You had to have a knack, and a gimmick, and personality. They were even more important than knowing somebody.

At first I was just on for a quarter of an hour every Friday night. Then Tuesday and Friday. Then I was given the job of acting as chairman every Wednesday in a Parlour Game. After that the whole thing progressed like a snowball. My solo appearances were uncannily successful. I didn't use any tricks—I was my natural self. Sometimes I would poke my ear with a match-stick or make a little belch. Little things like that endeared me to viewers, for they made me seem human. Viewers loved people on the Telly to seem human. They used to write in and say so. "Charlie seems so human," they would write. (It was always Charlie in those days. Chuck came much later.) They used to ask me to send my photograph, or marry them, or



"It's the neighbours complaining about the noise."



go away with them for week-ends, or subscribe to their charity, or open things for them, or get their daughters into Mrs. Dale's Diary. It was then that I began to feel that warmth of affection which was to ripen rapidly into love and so, inevitably, into worship. Indeed, one of your most popular prayers—the one beginning "Chuck is great; there is no one quite like Chuck; don't ever leave us, Chuck"—had its origin in a passage in a letter from an eleven-year-old boy in a school for backward and maladjusted children. (Letters were the expression of thoughts or sentiments or demands, *on paper*. Marks were made with a pen. You may still see a few specimens in the National Telly Museum Cave. Strip-words such as Ouch, Yeah, Wheee and Bam derive directly from this curious folk-art.)

My photograph appeared regularly in

the newspapers. (These were printed sheets of paper in which the manufacturers of soap and tinned peas advertised their wares: the remaining space was devoted to reports of sex-murders, Telly gossip, probable starting prices, and strips.) My photograph also appeared regularly on the hoardings: it is not for nothing that most Chuck-priests are ex-advertising men.

When I had been a household word for five years I dropped the boots and shoes altogether. I simply *appeared*—sometimes with a studio audience, sometimes without. The number of cases of epilepsy, suicide, and jealousy-murder among audiences eventually led the Telly-men to present me alone, in a padded studio. Sometimes I would sit, sometimes stand. One day I would wear a waistcoat, another day a dinner

jacket. Frequently I showed only the back of my head, and viewers were invited to guess what I was thinking. I was never thinking anything. Now and then I would speak a word, such as Mustard, or Spraying, or Conclude. The national hysteria grew, and about this time I was able to build a small castle in Norfolk.

Never once did I make the mistake of going into films or on the stage. It was enough at first that I should exist. (Here, of course, was the beginning of divinity.) And I existed with all my might, gropingly aware even then of my ultimate destiny.

Presently I became the nation's writer. I explained in newspaper articles of approximately five hundred words each how to rid cats of fleas, cook omelets, mend furniture, harness the power of the sun, end the traffic chaos in London's

West End, breathe, address a Telly star met casually on a train, or win a man's heart without expensive perfume. These articles were collected into books and sold millions of copies. Then I gave a series of lecture tours. I lectured about how to run a country, and the trouble with America, and how man developed from practically nothing. I got it all out of books. Much of it was beyond me, but audiences relished every word, for I was Chuck.

It was soon after I had begun to be

on the Telly three times a day (morning, noon and night) that the Prime Minister sent for me and asked me what was wrong with the country. "What is it?" he said. "We all seem to be going downhill and nobody seems to care. Nobody reads, nobody writes, nobody drinks much beer, and the churches are crumbling away and blocking up the pavements with rubble."

"Ah," I said. "That's the secret. What's needed is a god. We always used to have one, you know."

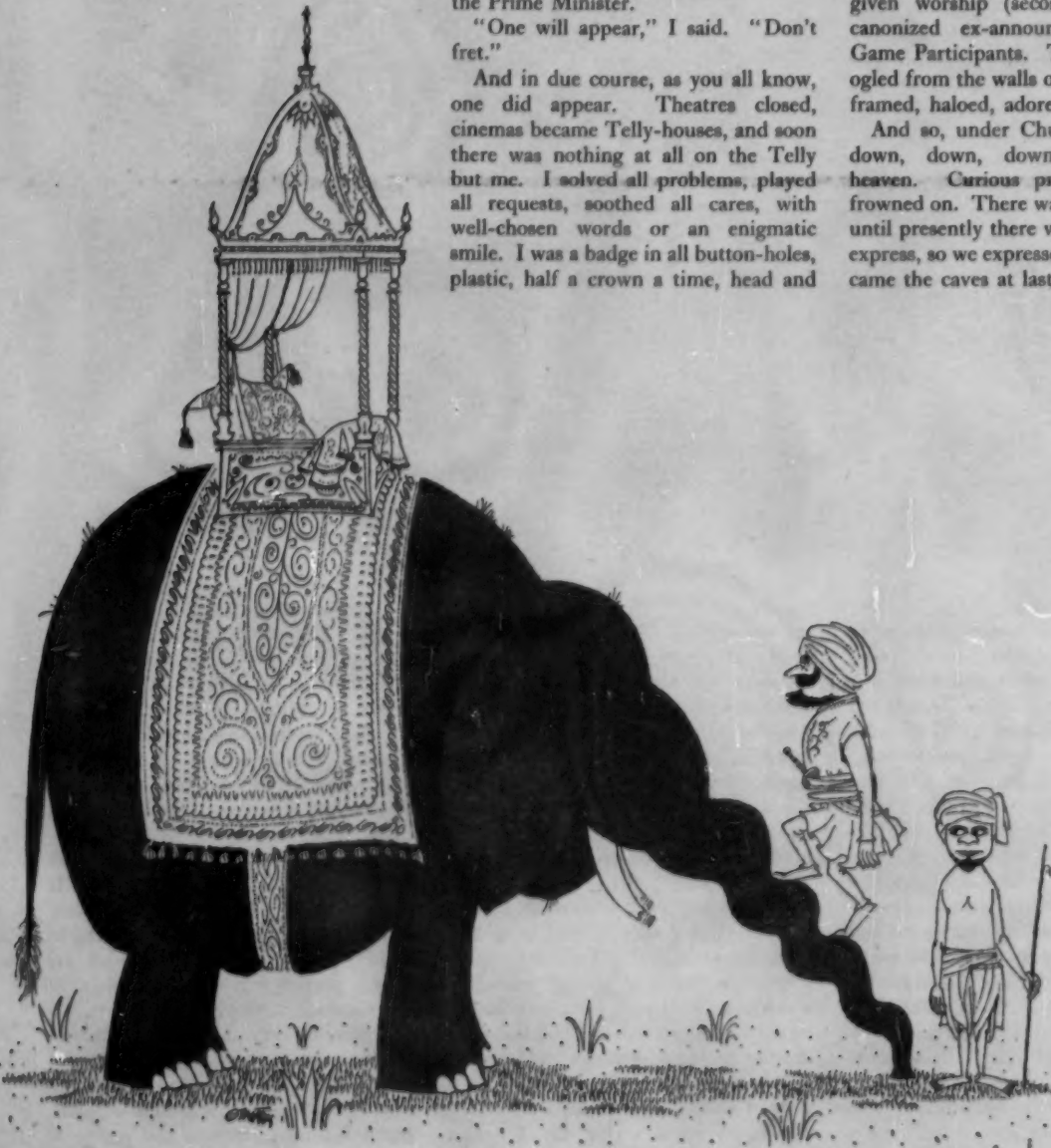
"But where shall we find one?" asked the Prime Minister.

"One will appear," I said. "Don't fret."

And in due course, as you all know, one did appear. Theatres closed, cinemas became Telly-houses, and soon there was nothing at all on the Telly but me. I solved all problems, played all requests, soothed all cares, with well-chosen words or an enigmatic smile. I was a badge in all button-holes, plastic, half a crown a time, head and

shoulders, full-face, one eyebrow slightly raised. I was omnipresent, omnipotent, the only member of the Athenæum. I started fashions, drafted laws, dissolved Parliament. I was Chuck. I was something to believe in. "I believe in Chuck," the people said—and that was the birth of your creed. "I believe in Chuck, the vacuum for hollow heads, who puts nothing in my heart and takes nothing out . . ." Holy pictures of past starlets (now canonized) hung in every parlour, bulging with health and sex, in two-piece bathing costumes, and were given worship (second class). Also canonized ex-announcers and Panel Game Participants. They beamed and ogled from the walls of hollow parlours, framed, haloed, adored.

And so, under Chuck, you all went down, down, down, towards your heaven. Curious practices were not frowned on. There was free expression, until presently there was nothing left to express, so we expressed nothing. Then came the caves at last, the holes in the





ground, each with its Telly and its shrine for Chuck. Switch on at any hour of day or night as you lay in your stinking warrens, and there I was, with a smile or a song or a gesture. No news, no weather, no family serial, nothing to interfere with the godness of Chuck. You were at one with Chuck, face to face eternally, at a twiddle of the knob. The slime grew around you, you lost the use of your legs, you took out your brains and offered them up as sacrifices, and the stench they made in burning came sweet to my nostrils, high in my Temple of Chuck.

And it was the end of us, and the new beginning. Now we must go on to fresh depths. Sense of smell, sense of sight, sense of hearing, sense of touch, all must go, until we are nothing but an awareness of Chuck, so many slime-locked jellies in the lovely dark, and even the Telly itself shall become unnecessary. O happy day! Let us strive towards it with all the strength of our being. (Being is all we have.)

You cannot understand what I am saying, of course, even those of you who have left the sound on. But it is enough for you that I am Chuck, and this is my face, on your screen, as it was in the beginning. You wouldn't even know a boot if you saw one, but I am still your Chuck, now, henceforth and for ever.



## Song School

*A cathedral has abandoned daily services as the choristers have to receive their education at a town several miles away.*

WHERE, like a giant gnomon, the slender spire  
Casts its long shadow on golden afternoons  
Stands the ancient Song School of the cathedral choir,  
A Gothic treasure, a casket of carven stones,  
*But the Ministry of Education*  
*Disapproved of the ventilation . . .*

Here the classes were friendly and never too large to teach,  
And under a kindly canon, late classical don,  
They learnt *mensa* and *amo*, and courteous modes of speech;  
But to-day, it seems, such studies are frowned upon.  
*The Ministry of Education*  
*Insists upon standardization . . .*

Though the school boasted neither a science lab. nor a gym.,  
Nor fostered the legend that learning was all enjoyment,  
The boys bred here were honest and straight of limb,  
And none leaving here was ever in want of employment.

*But the Ministry of Education*  
*Had a "Scheme of Reorganization . . ."*

From here, in a disciplined file at the close of the day,  
They would march to their vaulted choir and faultlessly  
render

A Bach motet, or the Service by Stanford in A  
In superb setting of richly heraldic splendour.  
*But the Ministry of Education*  
*Hinted darkly at exploitation . . .*

And now, except for nostalgic alumni returning,  
The cathedral Song School is silent, deserted and bare  
And the boys, who for centuries past have come here for  
their learning,  
Are compelled, like the monks long ago, to seek it elsewhere.  
*The Ministry of Education*  
*Has provided "alternative accommodation . . ."*

E. V. MILNER

# Lucky Goldilocks

with apologies to K\*ngal\*by Am\*s

By ANTHONY BRODE

THE Three Bears lived in a maddeningly neat house in a pimply suburb which straggled depressingly along the former by-pass of a small industrial town in the provinces. When Goldilocks found that the house was called "Garmisch" she made her Lawrence of Arabia face and walked in without knocking; the bears had gone to a fiendish concert of clever-clever Bach concertos (which they called *concerti*) given by a group of nauseatingly highbrow little gnomes at the other end of the town.

Goldilocks was hungry as usual and made straight for the dining-room, which was furnished in Tottenham Court Road Jacobean with a horror-suite of sticky-looking chairs and a table with twisted legs like varnished barley-sugar. There were three plastic plates on the table, each containing a different type of American breakfast cereal.

Did she like the first sort? No in italics. Did she like the second? Far from it in capitals. Did she like the third? Not at all in 72-point Gill sans-serif heavy upper and lower case.

Goldilocks made her outraged cannibal face, which involved sticking out her lower lip and tongue as far as possible

and showing the whites of her eyes, and ran to the bedroom in her Groucho Marx manner. This was difficult to do going up the stairs, but she did it.

The bedroom, Goldilocks felt instinctively, was known to the Three Bears as the Boudoir. Everything was pink and frilly, and entering the room was like waking up inside a raspberry fondant. She bounced up and down on the three beds in turn, and they gave out three different but equally depressing kinds of ratchety groan.

At that moment there was a confused waffle of voices downstairs. They sorted themselves out into a bass voice which said "Somebody's been eating my Crunchimunch," a contralto voice which said ("fluted" was the word of which Goldilocks instantly thought) "Somebody's been eating my Flakibix!" and a nasty piping lisp which said "Thomebody'th been eating my Toath-ticrithpth!" Goldilocks made her Shirley Temple face and jumped under the biggest bed.

An uneven clumping noise grew louder and the bedroom door opened. Goldilocks realized that she could stand anything except the three-part expostulation which seemed the

Three Bears' favourite method of conversing, and jumped out into the middle of the room.

"I'm sorry, Three Bears," she said earnestly, "but I was hungry and tired, so I came here. Please don't ask me any questions . . ." Her voice faltered as she noticed that the Three Bears were wearing precisely the kind of clothes which irritated her most. One wore a nylon shirt and gaberdine trousers, the second a yellow satin dress and "aen-sible" shoes, and the third (or smallest and most repulsive) a frilly short skirt and white ankle-socks.

"Why weren't you at

the concert?" said the nylon bear after a short pause.

"I . . . I wasn't invited," said Goldilocks wildly.

"You don't have to be invited," said the satin bear. "People just pop in."

Yes, it would be that sort of place, thought Goldilocks, and I'll bet when it was over they had meat-paste sandwiches and coffee made from something out of a bottle. "I'll bet when it was over you had meat-paste sandwiches and coffee made from something out of a bottle," she said.

"You mutht have been there," said the frilly bear in an accusing manner.

The nylon bear now spoke again. He was large and obviously accustomed to being listened to, and pitched his voice so that it carried right to the back of the hall. As the bedroom was very small, the effect was much the same as holding a competition for town-criers in an airing cupboard.

"I feel it would be for the best," he boomed in a fruity Central Office manner, "if you came heah to live with us and, ah, looked after the house. After all, you do appear to be somewhat at a lorse."

Goldilocks made her Clement Attlee face and said nothing.

"We would allow you three nights off a week to do folk-dancing," said the satin bear, "or, of course, pottery or woodwork classes if you prefer it."

"And you could take me to ballet-thchool in the afternoonth," piped the frilly bear.

Goldilocks gave a controlled but vibrant scream like an impatient locomotive and rushed away to the nearest public house for a game of darts and the double Scotch to which, according to a recently initiated economy campaign, she was not entitled until the following Tuesday week.

"Albert Ernest Flynn, a motor-mechanic on his own account in Court-road, Barry Dock, was fined £2 at Barry yesterday and disqualified for 12 months from holding a licence, for being uninjured while riding a motor-cycle."—*Western Mail*

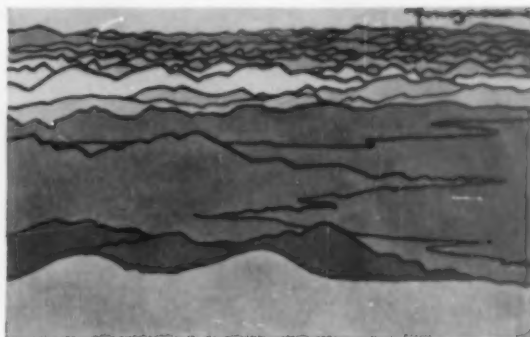
Hard to know what's right, really.



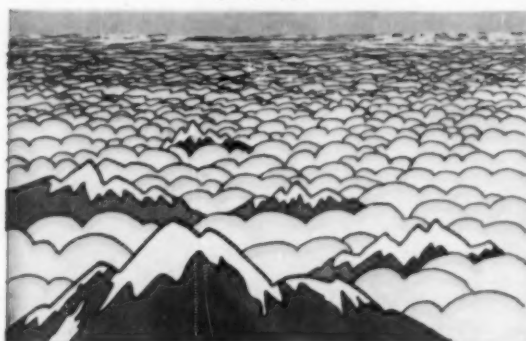
*The chief pleasure of air travel is, of course, looking out of the windows—*



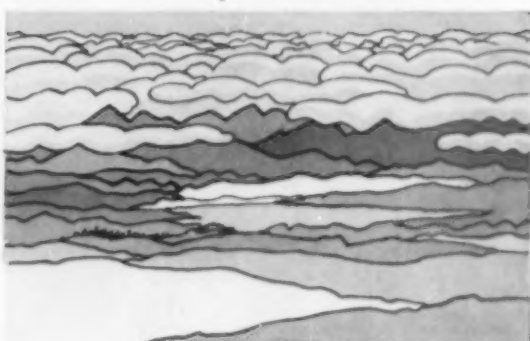
*on to the—*



*splendid—*



*panorama—*



*below—*

*or it would be if only the windows themselves weren't almost invariably—*



*in the—*



*very worst—*



*possible—*



*position—*



*for—*



*doing so.*





*"All right, all right—I'll pay!"*

# One Night in Tiznit

By ANTHONY CARSON



ONE day, in Fez, I was looking over a stack of travel pamphlets eulogizing the beauty spots of Morocco when I opened a folder devoted to the town of Tiznit. "Ninety-five miles from Agadir, on the Imperial southern route, Tiznit raises its rosy ramparts in a near-Saharan landscape. The name of this town is the name of a woman. Tiznit herself was the favourite of a Pasha of the town. She exploited her privileged position by bettering the condition of the Christian slaves of that period. The women of Tiznit are justly famed for their truly perfect beauty. Milk-white skin, finely proportioned, with a hieratic allure. They are said to originate from Libya or Caucasia... Visit Tiznit," continued the pamphlet, "the *souk* (market), the Blue Source, the streets of the copper-workers, and the dagger-sellers."

Mr. Jones, the elderly conjurer with whom I shared a room in a Jewish hotel, was washing his nylon shirt in the basin. I read the statement to him. "I suppose you're off to Tiznit," he said, rinsing the shirt vigorously, squeezing out the water and fixing it on a hanger. "Well, wouldn't you like to come?" I asked. "I'm married," said Mr. Jones, laying his conjuring tricks out on the bed, and polishing the billiards balls. "Then come for the *souk*, the Blue Source, the streets of the copper-workers and the dagger-sellers?" Mr. Jones sat down on the bed. He was obviously thinking. After a long pause he spoke. "I am interested in copper-workers," he said in a rather muffled voice and suddenly grinned, taking twenty years clear off his life. "I'll come," he said. "I certainly admire Beauty." We had to wait another week while he concluded his contract with the hotel, performing conjuring tricks in the café, producing the flags of all nations from clients' trouser-legs and spotting an extremely improper lady.

Finally we set off, crossed the giant white back of the Atlas and wandered in native buses through the half-desert of the south until we reached Tiznit one late evening. It was as the pamphlet had said. Rose-red ramparts burnt into

the saffron sky, and every other turret tapered to a sombre stork. We drove into a square like the parade ground of a palace, descended from the bus and went to look for an hotel. When we had arranged accommodation, drunk an apéritif, and Jones had entered relevant details into his diary (time of arrival, temperature, cost of fare and drink), we strolled around the rose-red town and slid down a narrow alleyway into a street fluttering with unveiled women, dressed in the silks of long-forgotten harems. On our left was a small mint-tea house which we entered. We sat down and ordered tea. The counter was piled with apples, oranges, pears, peaches and a huge tray of dried locusts sprinkled with sugar.

"Let us try some locusts," said Jones unexpectedly. We bought some, and crunched the withered crackling flesh without delight. It was like brown paper and peanuts. Then some ladies came in. Three of them were decidedly pretty and moved with grace and quiet antic allure. The fourth was utterly hideous, old, and her eyes burnt like evil coals. She was dressed in faded, hopeless black, the hues of Hell. She stood eyeing us. Both Jones and I felt angry and unflattered. Then one of the charming ladies approached and asked after our health and I returned the courtesy in elementary Arabic, adding

some French. She could not speak French, but went off to find someone who could. This turned out to be an equally charming woman in a dazzling yellow Berber costume. "You have been invited to a tea ceremonial," she said politely to us. "By whom?" I asked. "By the lady over there," she replied, nodding her head to the repulsive crone. "Thank you, but we decline," I said. Jones was so frightened of the old woman that he took out his diary and began writing. "If one of the other ladies..." I hinted. "It is the custom in Tiznit for the men to be invited," she said, "but you may give us some fruit if you wish." Jones and I got up and handed around apples, oranges and peaches. One of the ladies fancied half a dozen locusts. We sat there munching our fruit and then quite unexpectedly Mr. Jones performed a conjuring trick. He was handing an orange to a lady when it suddenly vanished and reappeared in a mint-tea pot. There were cries of amazement, and everyone crowded around Jones, except for the old black witch, nursing her own withered magic. "Have you got a snake?" one of the girls asked Mr. Jones.

We returned to the hotel and had dinner. Jones's face glowed with self-satisfaction. "Conjuring opens all doors," he said. He drew out the small



thelweli

black expenses book and entered in our purchases. Three oranges, four apples, one peach and a dozen locusts. After dinner we returned to the secret street, now winking with orange lights under a dark satin sky. We entered the mint-tea house and sat down. It contained now an air of drama and secrets. Young men in djellabaha sat around the walls watching and waiting, their eyes hovering like hawks, and the girls whispered in groups. It was an antique theatre. There were flurries of movement and re-grouping but we were ignored, out of the play. Then suddenly we were approached by three hellish old witches. They bent over us like stricken trees, their hands creaking over the table, and they talked like breaking bones. Their eyes were the swamps of memory. They talked louder and louder and seemed to grow taller than their shadows until Mr. Jones shouted "Go away!" He was talking to a nightmare, and like nightmares they came closer, desiring us with hate. One of them was obviously cursing Mr. Jones, and then our arms were seized. It was apart from

the other secrets in the theatre. We were cut off. But saved. A young lady beckoned to me. Her face was lovely, safe as a harbour. "Come and have tea," she said, and the witches fell away, diminished, subsided to plain old women still nagged by Spring. "Come along," I said to Jones, and we followed the young jingling silken woman through a warren of rosy streets to the house she lived in.

Her room was large and contained a canopied bed. A wisp of smoke curled from an incense-burner and a little distance away a man played on a lute, moaning and mocking a light lament. A small fair boy came in with tea implements. On two walls of the room was the hilarious shock of film posters of Gary Cooper embracing a blonde film star. THE GREAT DIVIDE said the posters, DYNAMIC, UNFORGETTABLE, HEART-SHATTERING. Released by UNITED CREATORS LTD. The man with the lute, whose open black face was a map of campaigns, smiled at us with a dazzle of understanding and compassion. He sang to us, obviously extemporizing,

and the young lady shouted with laughter. Her arms and ankles were shackled with golden bracelets and her shoes were embroidered with tiny pearls. She pointed at Mr. Jones accusingly. "Bint?" she asked. She spoke only a few words of French. "Bint means girl," I said to Jones. "She wants to know if you would like a young lady at the tea party?" Jones shook his head. "I'll stick to conjuring," he said, but without bitterness. He shook the hand of the young lady, gave a smile of youth and left.

Tea was served, and the Schleuh lute-player sang a very sad song but made his lute mock gently. I gave him money and he retired somewhere in the house and the patient boy left too. It was difficult to talk to this girl; great oceans of incoherence lay between our eyes. She spoke eagerly in Arabic, touching my hand for illumination. From her little French and my scanty Arabic I understood a few things. Her name was Ayesha. Had I come here to marry? Many men from the outside came to Tiznit, married and never





went away. The odour of the incense teased my nostrils, a veil before new to-morrows. They could receive me, I could be born again in dust and henna, grow into the rosy ramparts. I had no need of Leicester Square. "Where do you come from?" she asked. "England," I said. She shook her head. "Beyond France, over the water." I pointed to Gary Cooper. "Something like that," I said. She became excited. "He comes from Agadir," she cried. "No," I said, "over the water. You leave Morocco by Tangier. Do you know Tangier?" "No," she said. "You leave Morocco, cross the water and go through Spain?" I said. I tried to draw a map on the floor. "You and Gary Cooper come from Agadir," she said. "Yes," I said finally, "we come from Agadir."

There was a terrible shout from the street. We both started up. "Help!" cried someone in English. The accent was unmistakably Midland. Ayesha opened the shutters of her window, and we both leaned out over the narrow canyon of the street. "Help!" repeated the voice, and then I saw Mr. Jones struggling in the middle of a crowd of at least ten old women, fangs bared, nails at the ready.

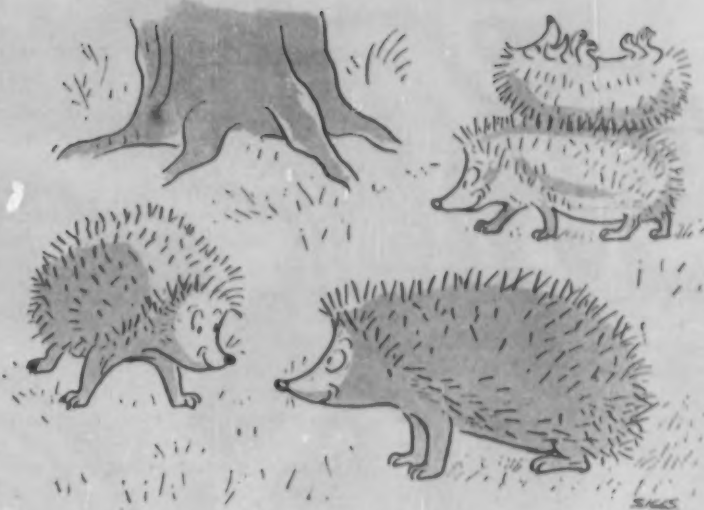
"Jones!" I shouted. "Wait a moment." I turned to Ayesha. "Good-bye," I said. Good-bye to dust, henna and rose-red to-morrows. I clattered down the stairs and out into the street. But Jones had already disappeared, the old hideous pack at his heels, and I followed a trail of billiards-balls, playing-cards, flags, and a collapsible bird-cage.

Eventually I found him lying in a doorway, panting. "Are you all right?" I cried. He looked at me for a long time without speaking. Eventually he spoke. "The Women of Tiznit," he said bitterly, "are justly famed for their truly perfect beauty. Milk-white skin, finely proportioned, with a hieratic allure." He got up painfully and began to limp down the street towards the hotel.

#### So Now We Know

"The Ambassador, who was accompanied to Aran by Professor Conor O'Malley, Galway, availed himself of the fine historic and early Christian weather to visit the many pre-rains on Inishmore."

*Dublin evening paper*



"Play Hairbrushes?"

### Housekeeping Hints

MERCI, La Belle Dame Sans, when throwing parties  
Made no attempt to plan a balanced menu.  
Kings, princes, warriors and other hearties  
Arriving hungry at the elfin venue  
Learned with a marked diminishing of ardour  
That honey and some (preferably sweet) root  
Formed the sole contents of La Belle Dame's larder.  
Small wonder that, with starved lips in the gloam,  
With one accord the guests made off for home,  
Hoping they never saw another beetroot.

No one had warned her of the impropriety  
Of dishing up—to absolute satiety—  
Root vegetables of whatever relish  
With nothing but wild honey to embellish,  
And nobody had volunteered advice  
Which would have prompted her to a decision  
On whether, as alternative to manna-dew,  
The guests could drink the milk of Paradise  
Which Coleridge imbibed when in a vision  
Inspired by Kubla's pleasure-dome in Xanadu.

How changed had been the outlook of each warrior  
Had there been present in the poor girl's grotto  
Some elfin counterpart of Mrs. Beeton,  
Agreeing heartily with George du Maurier  
That "Feed the brute" should be a woman's motto—  
What marvels of the science of gastronomy,  
What vast collations would the knights have eaten  
Beneath the guise of "Menus for Economy"!

The knight-at-arms, instead of palely loitering  
Beside the sedges which the land was rich in,  
Might then have been discovered reconnoitring  
Among the fridges in La Belle Dame's kitchen.

D. A. WILKINSON

# Eyestrain

By ROY HERBERT

THE other night I was bidding farewell to a geophysicist of my acquaintance when I happened to see a copy of *Scientific American* lying on his hall table. Intrigued by the cover design, a still-life of a glass of water, a ruler, two ears of corn and a pocket watch, I asked for the loan of it. It was granted and I went away looking forward to curling up in bed with it and culling a few useful crumbs about genetic drift, a subject of which I am totally ignorant, before dropping off. What I actually got was a severe case of vertigo.

Until you get used to it, reading *Scientific American* is like riding on a

swingboat, for you're continually swooping about the years in front and behind, one moment poised over the abyss of the future, the next over the chasm of the past. *Scientific American* provides articles facing in both directions, sometimes both at once. (The future seems patchy and that's about the best that can be said for it.) In these articles *Scientific American* takes in its stride periods of time that are apt to make everybody else feel limp, if not definitely discouraged. For example, it claimed that the opossum, neatly described as a primitive marsupial mammal, has been living in the North American area for eighty million years without changing

much, surely a world's record for tradition, or making the best of a comfortable groove.

In the same issue as these strictures on the opossum's lack of ambition, or excellent adjustment, whichever way you look at it, one scientist doubled the size of the universe, and the time it has taken to evolve, in one swipe. On another page it was revealed that Stonehenge is twice as old as it was thought to be. The new estimate is based on facts discovered by the use of radio-active carbon methods. I didn't read the reasoning behind this. Anything based on radio-active carbon methods I'm prepared to accept, and no arguments. This is the kind of thing that you have to learn to take on the chin from *Scientific American*. You never know what's going to hit you from the next page. Why, it's probably only a matter of time before they discover that cytochromes are present in anaerobic bacteria, and a pretty mess that's going to make of current theory, or I'm a Dutchman.

But the real strong meat in *Scientific American* is in the advertisements. "Easy—inexpensive to post-form parts with new dilecto-CF 8" one will state. By way of clinching this argument it lists a few more advantages, among which are non-after-glow characteristics, a canvas-backed laminate and post-forms to shapes in inexpensive cold-molds. *Scientific American*, whatever else, must have more hyphens than any other magazine.

One of the most disconcerting techniques in these advertisements is firing questions at the reader. This is all right if you're trained to it, but they're likely to paralyze anybody who is unprepared. "What!" says one, "feedback in Beethoven's Fifth?" and you've hardly got over your surprise before the next page is weighing in with a very shrewd query. "How would you hang cable by the mile?" thunders the Bell Telephone Company. Honestly, I don't know. And yet apparently it's all in the day's work to the Bell Telephone Company and, frankly, I'm not surprised or impressed that it is. After all, a telephone company that wanted my opinion on how to hang cable by the mile wouldn't be in business long. I



"I'm a doctor—take three of these and get straight back to bed."

might just as well ask the Bell Telephone Company how they would set about getting into my top floor flat without a front door key. That is my kind of problem, and hanging cable by the mile is theirs.

"You'd never expect to spot a kinship between a twelve-story-high blast furnace and a half-ounce plastic fishing lure, would you?" Well, I wouldn't, I had to confess. Mind you, I'm inexperienced at kinship spotting and I could improve. After this there was a pretty quick-fire rattle as I turned the pages. "What are you working on? Is it a project where the temperature requirements are rigid but the size of the control must be miniature?" "Want to hang a watch in a furnace and make it work?" are a couple of samples. It was quite a relief to come across a telling slogan without a question in it—for example, "From *shaft position* to *digital representation* with 0.09 degrees accuracy." This appeared just before one whose implications I tried not to think about too deeply. "Idea-chemical helps spotlight internal organs for better X-ray diagnosis." You may not realize (I didn't) that the last step in the synthesis of the idea-chemical was the methylation of the cyclic nitrogen atom of an organic acid. That, however, is the staggering fact, and I feel, for one, that everyone concerned in it is to be congratulated. I was dimly going through the rest before turning the light out when I came across an advertisement which banished sleep for the rest of the night. It contained news of a menace that had my nerve-ends jumping around like Mexican beans.

It displayed a picture of a baby in a play-pen, looking uneasy, and no wonder. Outside the play-pen, looking in, was a camera with a thick, black cable attached to it. The caption under this picture laid its cards on the table with the bluntness of an instrument in a police report. "First home television camera. RCA's 'TV Eye' connects to any TV set—lets you watch children in the nursery or at play." Underneath this glimpse of things to come was another picture of a woman settling down into an armchair in front of a television set. This was being adjusted by a man with a grin and one hand in his pocket, and I must say I'm astonished at his casual attitude. Presented on the screen was the child in the play-pen in the top picture.

It wasn't too hard to reconstruct the situation. Mom and Pop were going to spend a cosy hour or so staring at Junior playing in another room. The reason for this extraordinary form of entertainment had me baffled. It still has. If Mom and Pop want to watch Junior for fun why don't they just watch him in the same room and never mind about the TV Eye? And if it's to be certain of his security why not bring him into *their* room, or occasionally nip next door and see that Junior is OK, using the old-fashioned human eye?

Still, it's not this particular thing that made me feel as if I were living in 1984. If a home TV camera can present Junior on the screen there's no practical reason why it shouldn't also present Sis

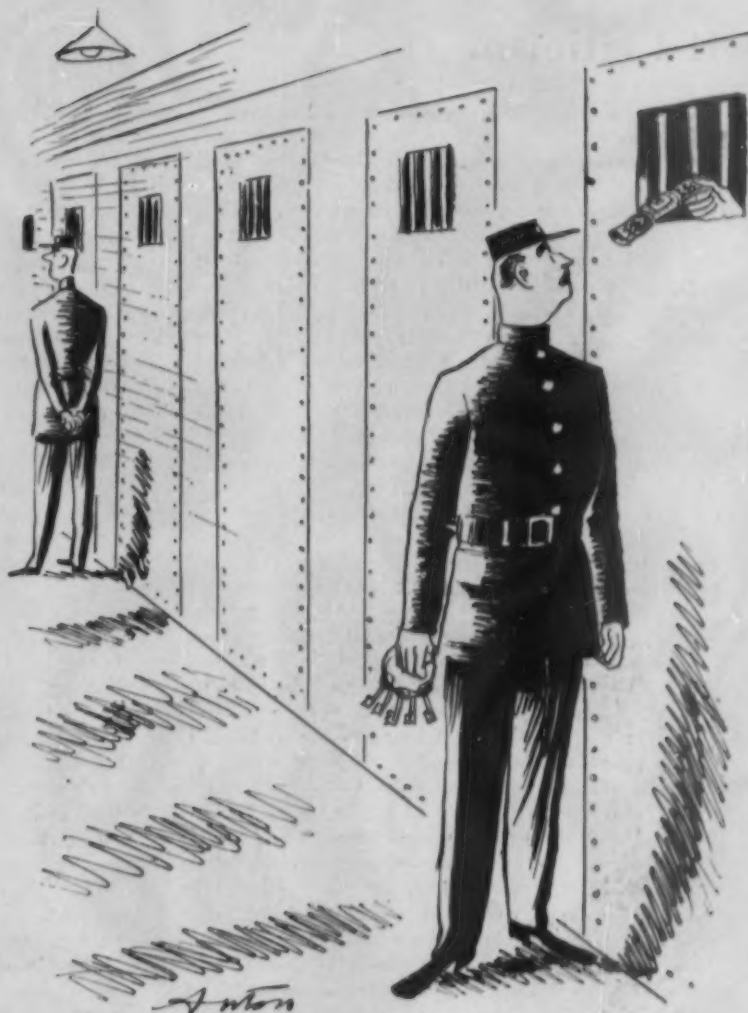
and her boy friend in the parlour. Well camouflaged in the apple tree it could also keep an eye on the neighbours at their private pursuits next door.

I won't go too deeply into the possibilities, though, because I can't stand it. You don't have to have your blood chilled by me. You can buy your own *Scientific American* and frighten yourself to death. Just read the articles first, unless you can get someone to stand by with blankets and hot, sweet tea.

"But when it comes to guessing the weight of a pound of tea . . . well, that is another matter. In fact, a matter of skill."

*Pronouncement from the Bench*

A ton of feathers is the tough one.





# Self-Criticism

By R. G. G. PRICE

**ARISTOTLE:** Comrades of the Elysian Fields Writers' Group, I will open this session of Individual Confession and Communal Vilification by admitting that I have never learned to construct a book.

**FLAUBERT:** You are not a novelist; construction doesn't matter.

**DICKENS:** It is uncomradely to say his sins don't matter. Anyway, Ethel and I used to read him aloud in the evenings, and we often commented that he was a novelist *manque*.

**GEORGE ELIOT:** Floor, please. I am a hyena. I botched *Theophrastus Such*. The proof is that if I hadn't botched it it would have sold better. As I am on my feet, I'll take the opportunity of denouncing Jane Austen: her characters lack intellectual development and moral depth.

**JANE AUSTEN:** Of course I plead enthusiastically guilty to the charge brought by—Mrs. Lewes, isn't it? In return, citing the severe and prolonged labour she must have expended on the jokes in *Adam Bede*, I accuse her of Premature Stakhanovism.

**GEORGE ELIOT:** I withdraw my denunciation for more careful formulation.

**ARISTOTLE:** I call upon this comrade. Do you wish to denounce self or friend?

**A. W. VERITY:** I denounce Shakespeare for jackal-like indulgence in feminine endings.

**SHAKESPEARE:** Who on earth is this man? I—

**SAMUEL RICHARDSON:** Sit down. Your sins are nothing to mine. I must bare my breast at once. By adopting the epistolary form I seriously impaired narrative flow. Comrades, I insist that you hoot me.

**ARISTOTLE:** Comrade, you seem to be deviating into scrupulosity, bourgeois-internationalist nudism and sabotage by noise-incitement. Good, I have thought of another error in my own work; there is nowhere to go for a laugh.

**SENECA:** I denounce the Comrade-President for False Confession. His work is peppered with Attic salt.

**DR. JOHNSON:** I am culpable of excessive latinity in diction.

**WILLIAM BARNES:** And I be tu Saxonlike, out along, down along lea.

**SIR SIDNEY LEE:** Yes? Oh, I thought you called me. Well, I might as well admit to Fascist over-discretion in my Biographies.

**JAMES BOSWELL:** My own confession must, of course, be interpreted dialectically: I confessed to too much.

**HOMER:** All this is much too scrappy. I will a catalogue of errors unfold that will make the strongest blench and the weakest go to the wall. Comrades, I have nodded. Oh, the shame of it.

**DANTE:** On a point of order, is nodding that bad? Nobody is in *Inferno* for it. To confess to it with such relish seems frivolous. Now frivolity, that really is something.

**HOMER:** Thank you for the comradely suggestion. Oh how filled my Epics are with frivolity, with levity. One would have thought they were written by grasshoppers and kangaroos. I will now go through my work in detail, exposing intellectual shoddiness, metrical roughness and grammatical error. Open your *Iliads* at Book I, line 1.

**ARISTOTLE:** Possession of a work claimed by its author to belong to the dregs of literature is better concealed. I advise the Group not to obey the soi-disant Homer's bidding.

**CHARLOTTE BRONTË:** Bidding is a kind of nodding; the man's at it again.

**ANNE BRONTË:** I think Charlotte wants to confess. I think she's afraid Annie will denounce her if she doesn't own up. Little Annie keeps her eyes and ears open, Little Annie does.

**CHARLOTTE BRONTË:** You snake . . .

**ARISTOTLE:** You mustn't criticize the prosecution; that's Radical.

**CHARLOTTE BRONTË:** Very well. I confess that Professor Louis Cazamian says my novels are "replete with a kind of sly fancy, a pleasing sprightliness of mind and a charmingly piquant observation."

**LA ROCHEFOUCAULD:** I accuse Balzac, falsely named Honoré, of literary gigantism, capitalist over-production and lack of true proletarian terseness.

**BALZAC:** I accuse La Rochefoucauld of literary dwarfishness, capitalist restriction of production and lack of true proletarian expansiveness.

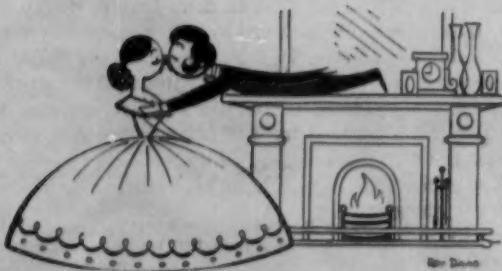
**ARISTOTLE:** Hold hard. Here is the new issue of the *Timeless Literary Supplement*. The editorial says: *Sabotage of Democratic Materialism in Writers' Group*. Hired by the pluto-prelate Buchman and believing that confession is good for the (capitalist-invented) soul, these maggots . . . Well, in the light of changed circumstances, comrades . . .

**PLATO:** I get in first. I denounce the Group, though excluding myself, for the unmentionable crime of Confession.

**ARISTOTLE:** Yes, that seems all right; there is nothing in the article against denunciation. Good, I denounce Plato for not being able to construct a book.

(*Da capo, mutatis mutandis.*)

FINIS





Has Happiness passed you by? You've only yourself to blame. Once more *Anybody's* brings you wit and wisdom from a panel of celebrities, interviewed by JACK BOOTHROYD.

# Your

"I WANT to be happy," sang Miss Binnie Hale all those years ago, to the lilting strains of Vincent Youmans' hit tune of *No, No, Nanette*. And so do we all. It is nothing to be ashamed of.

Psychologists who have made an intensive study of the matter say that a desire for happiness is quite healthy and natural, and that its indulgence in moderation is a normal human activity. "Go ahead," say the experts—"and be happy. If you can."

And there's the rub, in Shakespeare's immortal phrase. For we can't all be happy. Or can we? The trouble with those who have "the blues" all the time is that they grumble about it without *doing* anything about it. Statistics show that 47 per cent of the human race are hopelessly miserable 97 per cent of the time. The accent is on the hopelessly. They just haven't tumbled to the fact that it is not in their stars but themselves that the real snag resides. Real people, big people, successful people—these are the happy people.

Not because fortune has smiled on them—for worldly attainments do not always connote peace of mind—but because they know that *happiness needs a plan*.

That is why I have asked six of them to pass on their plan to you.

**T**AKE, for example, Field Marshal Earl Fluter of the Falklands, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., weathered veteran of innumerable last-ditch engagements with the War Office, the other Service Chiefs and even more redoubtable adversaries. As befitted a professional soldier he had decided views on the subject of how to be happy.

"I can't speak for other people, naturally," he declared gruffly, "but it's always seemed to me—I may be wrong, but you asked my opinion—that happiness is to be found in the small things of life. Perhaps you think it's a



FIELD MARCHAL EARL FLUTER OF THE FALKLANDS, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. "A soldier never let you see his feelings."



RONNIE RUMPOLE "When things go wrong, remember there's always somebody with a bigger pocket of trouble."



LADY ("DICKIE") PITCHER "Whether it's pearls or sand, a girl has to keep raising her sights."

silly idea, and so it may be. It's only one man's approach to the problem, after all.

"But many's a time when I've had some tearing flare-up with some Minister or other, or perhaps one of those asses at the Admiralty—no names, no pack-drill, eh?—I've come back home, sick of the whole pack of them, and started to crochet a doily. Never finished it, perhaps—must have a thousand unfinished doilies around here—but it did the trick every time. Smoothed things out in my mind. Looking back, I'd say all my moments of true happiness were spent with a crochet-hook and a really intricate doily pattern. Everyone can be happy. It's just a question of finding out how."

That, too, was the view of rib-tickling Ronnie Rumpole, the successful comedian of stage, screen, radio and TV now nightly infecting audiences with his cheerful grin at a well-known northern holiday resort.

"But don't you make any mistake

about this smile," said Ronnie. "That's just stock-in-trade for a working comic like me. Folks say you can't be up to much as a rib-tickler if you look like misery farm yourself. And you can't blame them.

"It's when you're at home, alone, and the show's folding and your wife's run off with the M.D. [Musical Director], and your agent's seemingly got amnesia the way he never gives you a ring on the 'phone—it's then you've your work cut out to keep smiling.

"And do you know what I do? I go out, asking around after my pals. Five pounds to a bag of suet I'll hear of one who's a mile worse off than I am—dying, perhaps, or married to a lady bass-player. And that's my secret, see? If he only keeps his eyes open, every man's got *something* to laugh about."

**C**OUNTING your blessings . . . crocheting doilies . . .! What, I wondered, was the happiness recipe of Lady ("Dickie") Pitcher, Lime Grove's



# Happiness Is Up To You



SIR BREATHWELL DOAKS  
"Even a banker has his secrets. Once  
I wanted to work with James, but  
here I am."



ANTHONY CRANBERRY, Q.C.  
"The real barrister can always strike  
a blow for someone, even if it is only  
himself."



LEN DOTTLE  
"Life is like football.  
Kick a man when the ref's not looking  
and your conscience will catch up with  
you in the end."

Portraits by Mansbridge

twinkling new star of the panel game "Box the Compass"?

"Targets," contended Lady Pitcher. "Something new to aim at all the time, always something new. When I was a little girl I set my heart on having a title one day; just working and praying for that kept me happy for nearly fifteen years. Then, after I'd married Lord Pitcher, I realized that I'd got nothing to look forward to. I was miserable for the first time in my life. So I set my heart on something new—getting on a parlour-game panel."

"But, of course, you always have to have a target in reserve, or your spirits slump every time you reach one. Just at the moment I'm enjoying myself looking forward to having my life-story serialized in *Woman and Song*, and after that—but anyway, I expect you get the idea!"

And, of course, I did get it. Lady Pitcher was another who had systematically worked out her destiny for happiness. All of us can do it if we only try, even

a man as burdened with great responsibilities as Sir Breathwell Doaks, c.n.e., chairman of one of our leading banking houses.

"Happiness?" said Sir Breathwell, looking up over his huge walnut desk with a wealth of understanding in his slate-grey eyes. "Be satisfied with life as you find it, that's my principle."

"Too many people in the world want to be doing something different. I was the same once. But I made an effort and got over it. My ambition as a young man was to work in a leper colony. Instead, I found myself here. It was no use kicking against the pricks. Once I accepted things I was a happy man."

ONE of our leading Q.C.s, Mr. Anthony Cranberry, Q.C., cannot accept things as they are—but it is in his refusal to accept them that his happiness lies.

"I mean wretchedness and poverty and injustice," he said. "I find my

greatest happiness is in helping those less fortunate than myself. My vocation luckily lends itself admirably to this. Prosecuting, I am working for the happiness of simple people everywhere, ridding them of cruel, wicked or fraudulent men. Defending, I am working for the happiness of my client, so that he can be restored to his rightful place in the sun of freedom and indeed liberty.

"Thus it is in striving for the happiness of others that I think a man may surely discover happiness himself."

Justice and fair play held high place, too, in the happiness plan of agile Len Dottle, beloved centre-half of Newcastle Wednesday. "But you have to be positive about it," said Len.

"Lots of chaps think they can only get clean play by shouting 'Foul! Foul!' all the time. Where's that going to get you? Sent off, more likely than not, and your team playing one short, losing and being relegated. No, it's example that counts. 'Kick true, barge clean, no tripping and play to the whistle' has always been my firm creed, you might say. And that means a clear conscience, and that means peace of mind—and that's what we mean by happiness, or I'm an Arsenal supporter."

SO there you have it. As Ronnie Rumpole said, "Every man's got something to laugh about." Isn't it up to you to decide what that something shall be?

## IN FUTURE ISSUES

Further articles in this grand series of helpful hints will bring you the views of other famous men and women on

Health Isn't Everything — Old Age, Here I Come — Should Marriage Stay? — Hymns I Have Loved — Brain-washing at Home — How to Get on With Fish

and — NEXT WEEK:  
"Do We Read Too Much?"



AS o'er my latest book I pored,  
 Enjoying it immensely,  
 I suddenly exclaimed "Good Lord!"  
 And gripped the volume tensely.  
 "Golly!" I cried. I writhed in pain.  
 "They've done it on me once again!"  
 And furrows creased my brow.  
 I'd written (which I thought quite good)  
 "Ruth, ripening into womanhood,  
 Was now a girl who knocked men flat  
 And frequently got whistled at,"  
 And some vile, careless, casual gook  
 Had spoiled the best thing in the book  
 By printing "not"  
 (Yes, "not," great Scott!)  
 When I had written "now."

On murder in the first degree  
 The Law, I knew, is rigid:  
 Its attitude, if A kills B,  
 To A is always frigid.  
 It counts it not a trivial slip  
 If on behalf of authorship  
 You liquidate compositors.  
 This kind of conduct it abhors  
 And seldom will allow.  
 Nevertheless, I deemed it best  
 And in the public interest  
 To buy a gun, to oil it well,  
 Inserting what is called a shell,  
 And go and pot  
 With sudden shot  
 This printer who had printed "not"  
 When I had written "now."  
 I tracked the bounder to his den  
 Through private information:  
 I said "Good afternoon" and then  
 Explained the situation:

"I'm not a fussy man," I said.  
 "I smile when you put 'rid' for 'red'  
 And 'bad' for 'bed' and 'head' for  
 'head'  
 And 'bolge' instead of 'bough.'  
 When 'wone' appears in lieu of 'wine'  
 Or if you alter 'Cohn' to 'Schine,'  
 I never make a row.  
 I know how easy errors are.  
 But this time you have gone too far  
 By printing 'not' when you knew what  
 I really wrote was 'now.'  
 Prepare," I said, "to meet your God  
 Or, as you'd say, your Goo or Bod  
 Or possibly your Gow."

A few weeks later into court  
 I came to stand my trial.  
 The Judge was quite a decent sort,  
 He said "Well, cocky, I'll  
 Be passing sentence in a jiff,  
 And so, my poor unhappy stiff,  
 If you have anything to say,  
 Now is the moment. Fire away.  
 You have?"

I said "And how!  
 Me lud, the facts I don't dispute.  
 I did, I own it freely, shoot  
 This printer through the collar stud.  
 What else could I have done, me lud?  
 He's printed 'not' . . ."  
 The Judge said "What!"

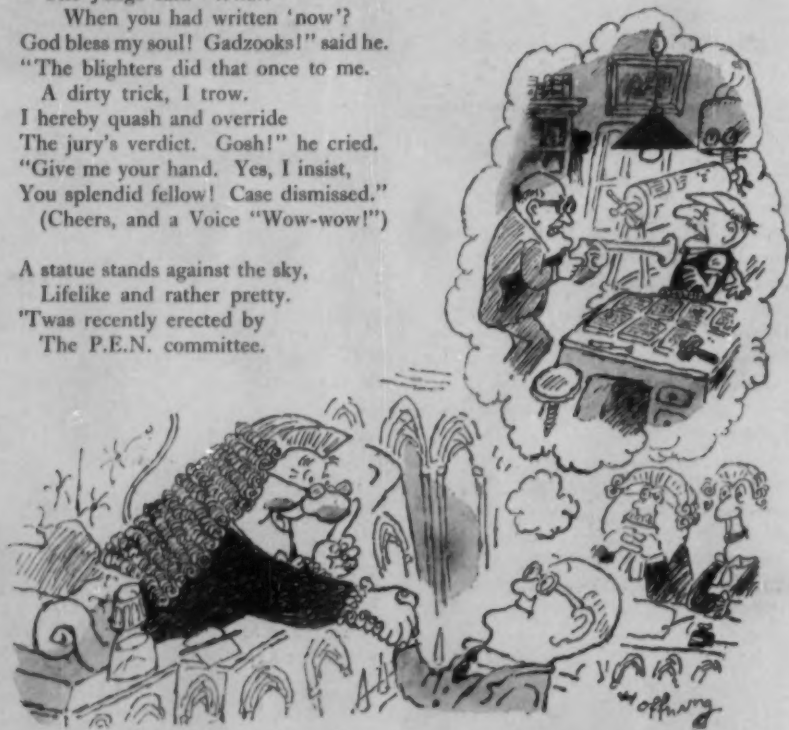
When you had written 'now'?  
 God bless my soul! Gadzooks!" said he.  
 "The blighters did that once to me.  
 A dirty trick, I trow.  
 I hereby quash and override  
 The jury's verdict. Gosh!" he cried.  
 "Give me your hand. Yes, I insist,  
 You aplendid fellow! Case dismissed."  
 (Cheers, and a Voice "Wow-wow!")

A statue stands against the sky,  
 Lifelike and rather pretty.  
 'Twas recently erected by  
 The P.E.N. committee.



And many a passer-by is stirred,  
 For on the plinth, if that's the word,  
 In golden letters you may read  
 "This is the man who did the deed.  
 His hand set to the plough,  
 He did not sheathe the sword, but got  
 A gun at great expense and shot  
 The human blot who'd printed 'not'  
 When he had written 'now.'  
 He acted with no thought of self,  
 Not for advancement, not for pelf,  
 But just because it made him hot  
 To think the man had printed 'not'  
 When he had written 'now'."

P. G. WODEHOUSE



# I Do Know How You Do it, Nannie

By PAT WALLACE

**N**ANNIES are not the salt of the earth. Anyone can get salt. Sycophantic mothers (and sycophancy is an occupational disease with mothers who have nannies) will say "I don't know how you do it, Nannie"; but I do. I've made a study of it. And the first thing I know is that they treat mothers like stupid and sometimes rather nasty children, the kind who didn't turn out right or never loved their dolls.

They all have wonderful sayings which are sometimes in the form of pronouncements, thus: "There's always a good shoe shop near a good café" (which is obviously cuckoo, and apt to be maddeningly right), or in the form of splendid new words: "You may have your bicycle but there's one stimulation I make," or "It was such an absorbent price, Mummy," or more simply "obstropulous."

First among their qualities is their extraordinary, superhuman, angelic patience. Nothing can explain it away, and there are no quick, bright, disobliging things to be said about it. Above all, it is more than one has oneself, that splendid on-and-on-ness of theirs. Under the heading of patience comes the Rock of Gibraltar quality, the lack of snappiness, the endurance, the devotion which thinks nothing of week after week of broken nights, the calm authority, the golden rule that *Because I Say So* is as good as four hundred guineas' worth of psychiatrists. All these, and other gifts too, are, of course, only seen in the relationship between child and nannie. Nannie and grown-up is something else again.

The strangest paradox is shown travelling. Insular to a spectacular degree—"It all seems very *French*, Mummy"—they will yet be unruffled with a child, ready with a rug or a toy or a cut-out book or "Let's just go and have a look at the whatever-it-is." Unless, of course, they're sick, and that can be pretty spectacular too. Their indispositions are very daunting, in any case, and include strange new voices for dealing with Mummy.

They are mistresses of the feud technique, in the grand, fifteenth-century Italian manner, and the prime object of these is the cook. They have

occasional allies, who are invariably daily workers, such as charrs or gardeners, and there's a good strategical point here. In the feuds the question of status is always involved or, more clearly, jealousy.

There is a romantic idea that country-bred children get their knowledge of the seamy side from stable or farm boys, but the incidence of this is extremely rare. It is much more likely to come from nannies, who will discuss with a crony every detail of Mrs. Brown's fifth in the firm belief that any child present is an idiot and deaf to boot. This is a curious blank spot, and is possibly due to the over-riding passion for gossip, which presumably has less hangover than drink or even tobacco.

And of course there is a great advantage here for a family if they want to be kept posted on local doings, much more dramatically than in the local paper, and always with the introduction: "You know Mrs. Thing had all that trouble in the autumn..." Cries of: "No, Nannie. What trouble? Do go on," and then it turns out to be a coolness with the carrier. Pram pushing is a great help in collecting this material, though nannies have been known to refer to the pram parade in Hyde Park

and Kensington Gardens as Hotbeds.

No child is ever ill, as "Joan has measles," but always "I've got Joan in bed with the measles." Nannies are great ones for "nasty coughs," and "I don't like the look of..." No child ever has a bad night, as "Joan was feeling ill and couldn't sleep," but "Joan had me up twelve times, I should think, in the night."

Their methods are circuitous and devious; not, for example, "Will you buy Philip some new socks, please?" but "Mummy, if you're going by the shops and you should see any socks for Philip, would you try to get them for me?" (Not him, me.) And the obvious implication is that no money passes but that Mummy is a highly practised shoplifter. Not that it will really be worth Mummy's trouble, because whatever she brings back will be the wrong size; and this reaction is sometimes carried to the length of "Oh yes, Mummy, it *fits*," in such a voice of doubt and censure that Mummy has to control her natural wish to return the garment to the shop or throw it in the fire.

Having other children to stay is quite an event, though perhaps not in the expected way. Field days were never





like this, and there are positively garlands of slanders, including great campaigns for getting "the poor little thing right before we send him (her) back." And one mustn't forget the inevitable, traditional speech when nannie comes back after a two- or three-day holiday, and the wretched child has been left in the charge of its own mother; "Never mind, Mummy. I'll soon have her (him) right." This, always, after one rapid look and before another word has been spoken.

Nannies, naturally, have their ideals. "I'm afraid," they will say obscurely, "that I like everything nice," or "I'm afraid I was brought up to like everything clean." (The scope for offensiveness in these observations is unlimited.) Subjects on which they have ideals, and therefore bitter disillusion, are beaches, seaside towns, nursery quarters (ouch!), food (see cook-feud), other servants' work (What am I saying? *Servants' work*), and visiting grown-ups. In the true nannie hierarchy their own wages, holidays or time off are seldom under discussion. This is a vocation, not a means of making money.

The question of parents' innovations is a very tricky one. Wise parents either won't suggest them or will acquire the

guile of the serpent in getting them adopted. There is also the firm, straightforward approach, laying down a line and expecting it to be followed. This is for fathers, not mothers, who will probably be exasperated to see how well it works. "So good for Tim, Mummy, to be dealt with man to man."

Talking of exasperation, children may



reach near-hysterics in some nursery frolic or fight, and the shrieks and thuds will be put down to their being full of fun or working off their energy. Half the same din downstairs under the parents' eyes will produce "Charlie seems thoroughly over-excited. I'll just give him a quick bath and some porridge."

There is a superb story to illustrate what nannies feel about tea, and even if you know it you may not have realized what a clear, white light it throws on Nannie-ism.

A woman, evidently a Mummy, had a very distressing experience when a maniac kept telephoning her one night in the most unspeakable terms. Her husband asked her to keep the fellow talking while he ran to get the police, who traced and arrested the man. After this the husband and wife sat up talking still later, over some tea. In the morning the wife told her children's nannie about the very unpleasant affair, and at the end the nannie's only comment was: "Oh, I wish I'd known you were making tea. I'd have come down for a cup."

Thinking it over, that doesn't only illustrate the nannie's approach to the question of tea, either.

## The Saracen

WHEN first they built The Saracen,  
In thirteen-thirty-five about,  
It was a place where simple men  
Might drink and talk the evening out;  
Might talk of village politics,  
Of pigs and hedging, this year's hay,  
The oats for thirteen-thirty-six  
And all the things there were to say.

And then one evening came along  
A minstrel in a robe of blue;  
He cried "O list ye to my song!"  
And struck his harp-string sweet and true;  
And while he sang of love and death  
You could have heard a feather drop;  
The honest drinkers held their breath  
And wished the silly chump would stop.

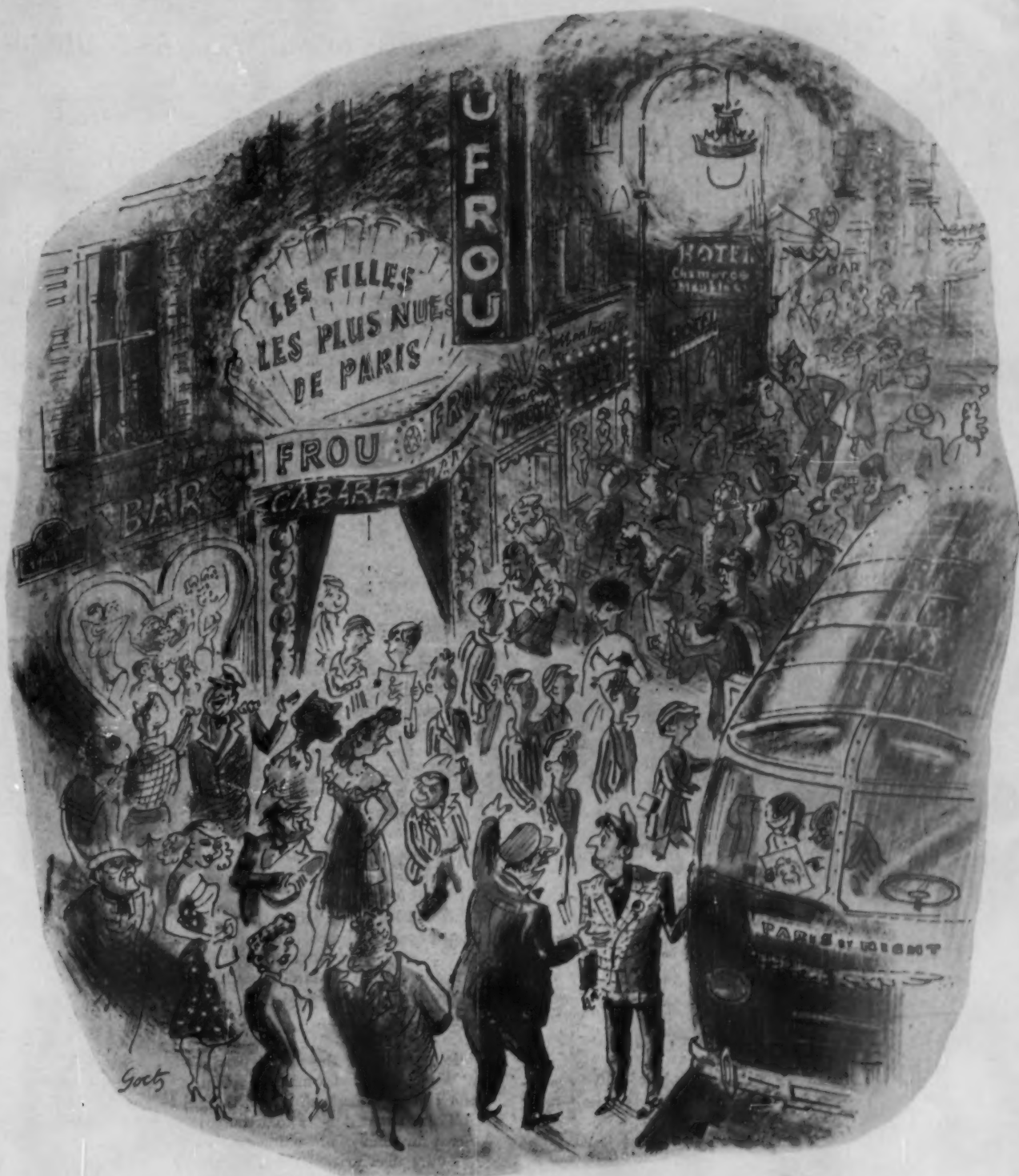
Four times that week this ardent cove  
Came stooping through the lowly door.  
"O list!" he shouted, ere he strove  
To drown the ever-growing roar.

A month or so he struggled on,  
But no one noticed him, until  
"That minstrel chap," said Piers, "he's gone;  
Now what was I a-saying, Will?"

The ages passed; the mellowing walls  
On which the tankard-holders leant  
Heard now a spate of madrigals  
And now some wood-wind instrument;  
Now by these walls a spinet stood  
And now a small harmonium—  
Both played a bit by such as could;  
And now the television's come.

O dark and hushed The Saracen,  
And loud and bright the cabaret,  
And full the minds of simple men  
With pigs and hedging, oats and hay;  
Give them another month or so,  
And Perce, half turning in his chair,  
Will say "Why bless me, did you know?  
The TV, Bill. It isn't there."

ANDE



*"Imbécile, tu as encore envoyé le car avec les célibataires Argentins au Jardin des Plantes."*



## Marriage to Suit One and All

### The Swain's Song

MY father said "William, the girls with looks  
Are a better investment far  
Than girls who read books or are first-rate cooks  
Or who revel in needlework are.  
These clever domestic girls are rife—  
Seek beauty bred in the bone,  
And you'll have a wife you'll admire for life.  
I married one of my own!"

"Your father was always the flattering kind,"  
My mother said. "Look for brain!  
A girl with a mind well stocked, you'll find,  
Can afford to be slightly plain.  
But the not-so-beautiful girl with flair,  
Who can think about Art and sew,  
Will blossom fair under love and care.  
I'm happy to say I know!"

My uncle said "Marry where money is.  
If you go for the real right sort,  
An heiress (viz. your dear Aunt Liz)  
Will offer you great support.  
We've never regretted it (pound for pound  
I've easily squared the bill).  
With money around you'll start life sound.  
I wish you the same luck, Will!"

"Yes, money 's okay in its limited way,"  
Said my dear Aunt Liz, "but pull—  
Her parents' pull, I mean to say—  
Can be much more powerful.  
It can stack the draw for a son-in-law  
In City or Politics.  
There's no great flaw that I ever saw  
In a father-in-law with Fix!"

Well, I don't deny that these points apply,  
But I needed an extra shove.  
If I had to try to get married I  
Would look for a girl to love.  
For Love, I'd heard (from a certain bird),  
Was a fairly important thing;  
And, apart from the bird, I was maybe stirred  
A modicum by the Spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

I found my girl, the veriest pearl,  
With brains and a mass of dough.  
But I'm so awl with love of the girl  
That the chant of "I told you so!"  
From my family is revolting me.  
And I plan to elope with Kate  
(Kate, only d. of Lord Beer, M.P.)  
Whom I met at the (highbrow) Tate.

RICHARD USBORNE



## Location

By A. H. BARTON

OR over a year I have been wondering whether or not they got Bill Holden, and now I know. I would have thought of asking at the time if there had not been everywhere so much to see. We were returning from Bryce Canyon in Utah, we had passed through Las Vegas in Nevada, and when we came across him we were a few miles beyond the tiny desert village of Death Valley Junction, on our way to the floor of the Valley itself, thirty miles below.

Bryce Canyon had been a bright pink bowl several miles in diameter, filled with pink pinnacles a thousand feet high; the occasional forest pine, small as next year's Christmas Tree, sprouted from a ledge among them. Las Vegas, Reno's southern rival, had been a place of cardboard architecture, the lunatic façades of its backless casinos and property churches facing inwards to the highway. One church, a pale kiosk decorated with designs of heather and tartan, had been called 'The Wee Auld Kirk o' the West; a poster displayed a list of charges for the hire of wedding dresses, bridesmaids, rings, choirs and pastors (any denomination). I had wanted to stop and see more, and to examine more closely the huge billboard on the edge of the town that exhorted us to bring our loved ones to its earth which was guaranteed to be wormless. So had my wife. But my wife's cousin, in whose automobile we were travelling, would not hear of it. She had brought us from San Francisco and she had always said she would show us California, Utah, Nevada and Arizona, but not Los Angeles. Los Angeles was unrepresentative and Las Vegas was its outcrop. "It stinks," she had said mildly, keeping her foot on the accelerator. And she had accordingly shown little interest when, stopping at Death Valley Junction a hundred miles on, we had heard that M.G.M., with Bill Holden and Eleanor Parker, was on location farther up the highway.

The car moved forward into the hot, dull afternoon. The desert, grey, pink and pale brown, its cactus flowers mostly over, was dotted with Joshua trees that semaphored stolidly to each other. We emerged from a cutting in a

low hill, and there, on the edge of a piece of desert made shabby by human use, stood a huge trailer to which were tethered ten or twelve ponies, some skewbald. Beyond these, four station wagons were parked, their ultramarine polish thinly coated with pale dust. We stopped the car and walked up. Two men in tight jeans and nylon lumber jackets slept beside the horses. Beyond the cars we found a jumble of redskins, soldiers in blue uniform with yellow piping, and what we assumed to be directors, associate directors, producers, associate producers, cameramen and associate cameramen, all in wide hats, Hawaiian shirts and dark glasses. It seemed—indeed one could almost hear it—a far cry from the organ of the Granada, Tooting.

Beside the jumble of people a Western Ambush of the highest order was laid out. On each side of a broad gully stood a small hill. On the top of each hill

were redskins, not the Mark I with feathered headdresses and the word "HOW" ballooned above their heads; but the Mark II, ragged and dignified, and sullenly jealous of the land which had been their heritage. They had bows and arrows but were resting. Into the floor of the gully someone had stuck about a hundred arrows, as it might be they had fallen he knew not where. Among these arrows lay two dead redskins.

A soldier detached himself and came up to us, ash-blond, brown and dusty. He pointed to the stars: Bill Holden himself, a six-gun in his hand; and Eleanor Parker, anxious and pleasing, in a Boy Scout hat and khaki breeches. As we watched, she went over to one of the dead redskins, picked him up, his headpiece full of straw, his legs and arms dangling, and put him in a van. I do not know why she did this: nothing led up to the action; nothing followed. She



seemed impatient, tired of having him about. Everyone seemed to be just waiting, bored by desert. Holden, who had been spinning his revolver by its trigger-guard, let it slip and dropped it; and looked round, startled and shame-faced.

We asked the soldier whether we were going to see anything. He said not. He explained that the horse-falls, and everything else spectacular, were over and that all they were waiting to do was the final scene when Bill Holden, his guns blazing, would dash from the little ditch into which he and Eleanor Parker had been forced by ambush. But the sun was not strong enough. If it had been an ordinary Western they would have gone on shooting, whatever the weather. If it had rained they would have had rain-sequences, and if the sun had shone, sun-sequences. But this film—it was to be called *Rope's End*—was a Big Western, in colour.

Just then the sun did show some signs of coming out. To catch it men began to adjust a large trolley-borne mirror. Bill Holden crouched down, guns in hand, and did a tentative run along the shallow ditch. One of the Hawaiian shirts spoke to the hills through a

loud-hailer, and the redskins got to their feet reluctantly and assumed threatening attitudes. But a yell from one of them reached us clearly. "What sun!" he called—and with justification. The light did not improve and all movement soon ceased once more.

My wife's cousin cheered up and asked her first question. "If it's not going to be bright enough to make any film," she asked, "why don't you all go home?"

The fair-haired extra smiled. "They'd lose the insurance," he said. "We've got to stay until five o'clock or they'd lose the day's insurance."

"How does the insurance company know?"

"The agent's down there." He pointed him out; he was wearing a wide hat, dark glasses and a Hawaiian shirt. "He stays, and if we don't stay, he won't pay up."

We lingered. The Indians on the hills were sitting down again, and the executives gazed without hope at the sky. Holden was spinning his six-gun, and Miss Parker had disappeared, possibly into the van with the body. I took a last look at the other dead redskin and, as I did so, he stretched and sat up.

This frightened me. We walked off, my wife's cousin eagerly in the lead.

As we drove away I first remembered not having asked whether Bill Holden had come out of the ambush alive, or whether they had got him. But there were already more sights to see and I did not have time to worry about it. Descending to sea-level and below, between the Black and the Funeral Mountains, we reached Furnace Creek Ranch, a dusty oasis on the floor of the Valley. On every side stretched miles of low, wind-blown sand-dunes, the patterns of which imprinted themselves immediately and permanently on the memory; and above, high and black, there were the sharp mountains and narrow passes. The summer, when everyone leaves the Valley, was only a few days away and the air was hot, dry and dispiriting. Death Valley is a mediæval hell, very uncomfortable, its décor perfect. From the prominence called Dante's View we watched a black and red sunset, truly portentous, with heavy angular clouds; and then, limp, we retired for the night to small huts at the ranch.

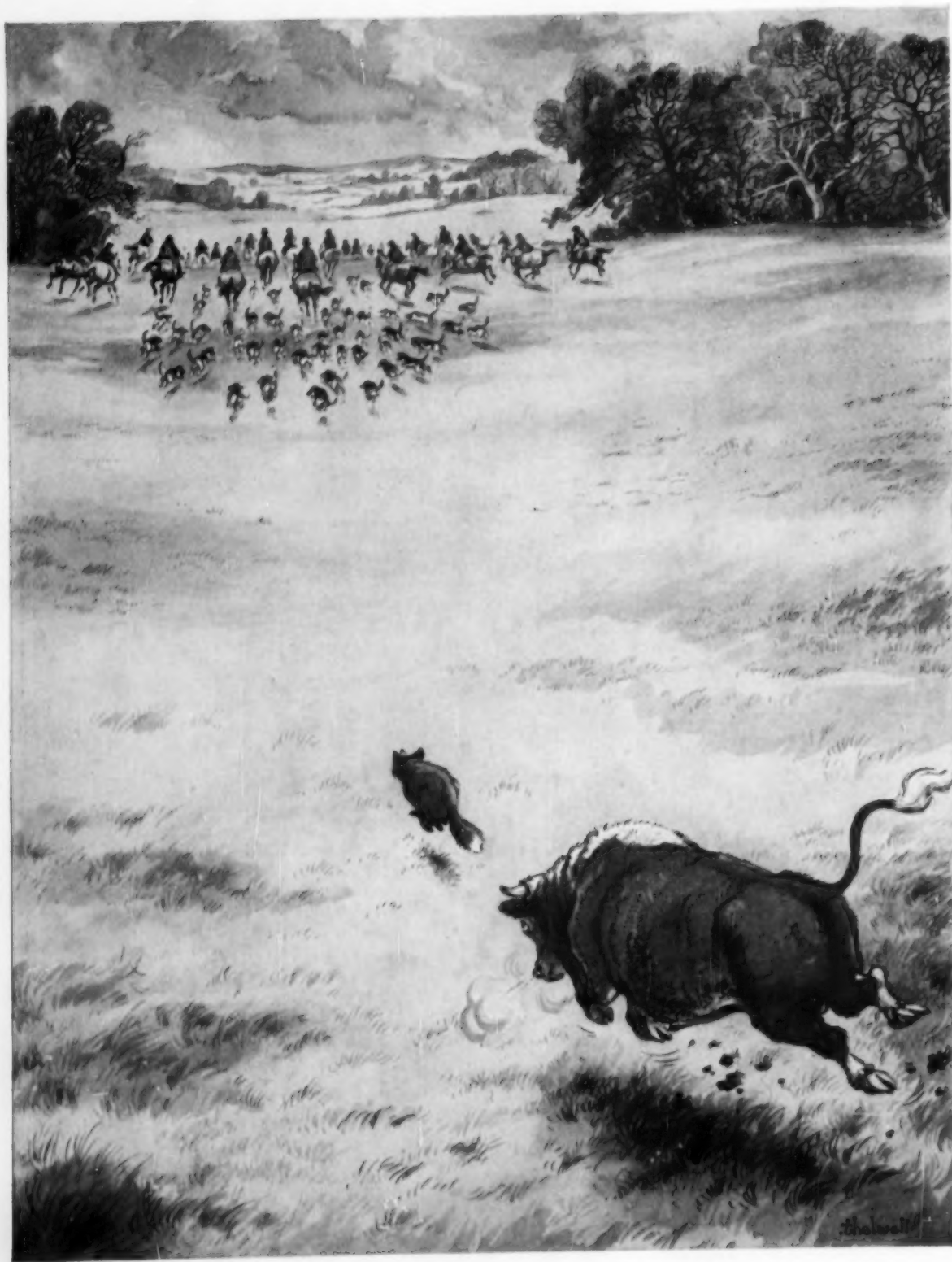
It was not until early next morning, when the sun had begun to mark out fresh and paler patterns on the dunes and mountains, and we had climbed out of the valley up to Lone Pine, that liveliness returned to us and that I remembered again, and this time mentioned, the question of the ending of the film. My wife had not asked and did not know. Her cousin hoped that they had got him. But I know now. The film is released. Its early name must have been discarded, for it is called *Escape from Fort Bravo*. The critics have admired the way the arrows were fired into the air, 1066-like, so that they dropped on the enemy from above; and one critic was disappointed that, just as Bill Holden stumbles and falls, there is the inevitable sound of bugles on the hoof, and the cavalry come to his, and to Eleanor Parker's, rescue. For myself, I am delighted that the cavalry did turn up and I hope that it saved the others as well—the ash-blond soldier, the stuffed redskin, the executives, the redskin who woke up, and the insurance agent in the wide hat, the Hawaiian shirt and the dark glasses—and I hope they all lived happily afterwards, preferably among the pinnacles of Bryce Canyon.



Eric Burgin







# Down Tritonville Way

By CLAUD COCKBURN

NOR, obviously, can the matter be allowed to rest there. Any specious arguments that might, in the past, have been advanced in favour of such a course clearly fall to the ground in the light of the facts now available.

The case, so far as Mr. Harold C. Arigho, 35, clerk, is concerned, is closed, and no one will wish to do otherwise than wish him the best of luck, and applaud the decision of District Justice T. G. O'Sullivan. But to imagine that the wider implications may therefore be safely disregarded is indeed to bury our heads in a veritable Sahara of wishful thinking all too common.

What on earth happened?

I will tell you.

(And let us not forget that as recently as May of this year a man not far from Wigan, responding to a ring of the bell, found on his doorstep an undertaker who said he had come to prepare this man's body for cremation. There is, unfortunately, no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of *The Times* report stating that the undertaker, victim of bogus summons, was so much upset at finding his supposed client up and about that he had to sit down and drink some brandy.)

Also you get well-known and deservedly popular journalist Jenny Nicolson, writing in a weekly illustrated paper offered quite openly for sale on the bookstalls of our cities, suggesting that the Anglo-Texan Society, which everyone thought had been founded by well-known and deservedly popular novelist Graham Greene, may not be an Anglo-Texan Society—in the fullest sense of the term—at all, but more what ill-natured people might describe (not in *The Times*) as a "practical" joke, whose consequences may well follow.

There is, of course, no connection at all between these phenomena and the Arigho-O'Brien imbroglio, which resulted in the imposition of a fine of £2 upon Mr. Arigho. This took place in Dublin on August 12.

What Leo O'Brien, dairyman, complained of was that at 10.30 p.m. on February 16 someone, stating that he was Station-Sergeant at College Green Civic Guard Station, rang him up to say

that a motor-car with a number like that of Mr. O'Brien's car had been apprehended crossing the Northern border, that two men charged in this connection were at the Station, and that Mr. O'Brien had better dash down to the Station with his car, or else.

When he got there no one knew anything about any such thing. Mr. O'Brien had only had this car for two months, and already this had to happen.

In a statement read in Court H. C. Arigho said that he "had known Mr. O'Brien for a number of years." He admitted that the jest of February 16 had been performed by him, apologized, and was fined the £2 mentioned above, for "sending a telephone message which he knew to be false." He denied, and the Court very properly accepted his denial, that he knew anything about any other disturbances of the kind which might have entered the life of Leo O'Brien.

And right there is where it is permissible for everybody, beginning with Mr. O'Brien, to start viewing with

undisguised alarm and asking themselves in a spirit of deep seriousness: Whither?

For the facts are that in mid-March O'Brien is sitting in his house in Tritonville Road, Sandymount, and the fire brigade comes roaring up to put out a fire.

Among the important points to notice here—in fact you could probably describe it without exaggeration as the most important point—is that there was no fire.

(Possibly O'Brien's thoughts flew suspiciously to Arigho. But, if so, he was wrong. Arigho had nothing to do with it.)

That was a Saturday. Six Spring Days slipped by with their Eternal Promise of Earth's Renewal, and late the following Friday a Civic Guard is at the door of 21 Tritonville Road. What does he want? He has come to stop a fight understood to be in progress between Mr. O'Brien and Mr. O'Brien's father. There was no fight. It is not entirely clear from the reports whether



"It's got to be eaten."



Mr. O'Brien's father was even present. In any case, and again this is the point we don't want to overlook, no fight.

Comes Summer, and June 12 and 13 are days which try Mr. O'Brien's soul. At 9 p.m. on the 12th the Belvedere Ambulance calls. Has to leave empty—nobody even sick. At 2 a.m. on the 13th a voice on the telephone wants to know right away from Mr. O'Brien does he or does he not intend to settle that assault case he was involved in at the Top Hat Ballroom? Mr. O'Brien gets through explaining he has never been near the Top Hat Ballroom in his life, and then has to go down and open up to two taxi-drivers who say they have been summoned to take him somewhere.

But there is nowhere he wants to go, so how would he have ordered two taxis at this hour, I ask you?

In these circumstances, and I include the *haute politique* mystery drama sensation of Dr. John, or some other prominent German of the same name who was voluntarily drugged and kidnapped and then made a wounding speech over the Berlin radio, the thing to do is not rest until it is crystal-clear to every thinking man, woman and child that all telephone messages and other communications are hoaxes and practical jokes, and that anyone who at any time, anywhere, makes a speech, has been drugged and kidnapped.

Only thus can the atmosphere be improved, tension relaxed.

It is a pretty narrowly accepted historical fact that if a number of King Harold's leading supporters had not been sent in the wrong direction by messages of this kind originating with irresponsible pranksters, the Battle of Hastings would have turned out very differently. Sir Francis Drake, a much

tougher nut, showed the way when they shouted "Quick! Quick! The Armada!" and he went ahead with his bowls.

This episode has been widely misinterpreted—to Drake's detriment. He acted in no spirit of mere bravado, nor with some idiotic idea of keeping everyone cool in crisis. He was quite simply aware that the message was a hoax, the Armada was nowhere near.

And in our own day there was the case of Arthur X, who heard an inner voice telling him that if he went into politics he would become a member of the Government, revered by all. Quite a hoax.

Over-ingenious hair-splitters who seek to introduce unnecessary complications into a situation which, heaven knows, is complex enough without that sort of thing, by harping on the alleged difference between deliberate deluders, and people who have merely been drugged and kidnapped, are barking up the wrong tree, as they would see for themselves would they but take the trouble to note that it all comes to exactly the same thing in the end.

No serious scholar now doubts that Roman orator Cicero was drugged and kidnapped before every speech he made. But would things have been materially different if he had simply been kidding the Romans along all the time?

Admittedly, the episode of what propagandists acting in the interests of a certain something have dubbed "The Gettysburg Address" falls into a somewhat different category. For it is no longer possible to reject the evidence that not only was U.S. President Lincoln drugged and kidnapped before the speech but was not within miles of Gettysburg that day, the oration being delivered by another man with a beard who somewhat resembled him.





It would be amusing, were it not disquieting, to note how many people believe that the late Horace de Vere Cole, famous practical joker, dressed himself as an Indian rajah and hoaxed the captain of a British warship into receiving him with full honours and turning out the ship's company for review. How long, one wonders, will it be before they realize that the man dressed as an Indian rajah on that occasion was an Indian rajah playing a hoax on those who were going to think it was H. de V. Cole?

It is all very well for people to say that we must set our faces resolutely against such methods, but where exactly is that going to get us? All we have then is a set face, which, quite frankly, is not good enough.

The fact of the matter is that each and every one of us, however smart and sophisticated and superior and secure some of us may think ourselves, pitting our puny intellects against forces ruthlessly cosmic, and vaunting our ivory-towered detachment from the human dilemma, is living, in the deeper sense, in Tritonville Road, Sandymount, with the unrequested, unrequired fire-brigades, ambulances and taxi-cabs of chaos already swinging round the bend, and the Sergeant's hand on the knocker as he prepares officiously to break up the fight we are not having with father.

And are we ever going to be able to prove that we were never, in any degree, in the Top Hat Ballroom?



## Sensation of the Week

THE ploughman homewards prods his plastic pram,

His stormy limbs subdued in navy serge,  
His waist agog with coins, his wife and Pam

Mumbling immortal clichés on the verge:

Weazels on trees and wonders of the soil  
Are shown uplifted Alfie but—for shame!

He itches to get back to Lady Boyle:

The Judsons say their Ern is just the same.

At Hove the city worker tints his skin

Electric pink in fragments; piece by piece  
His *People* and *The Pic* from "Kumritynne"

Go ogling at "The Nest"'s unmarried niece,  
And from the depths of Twyford's Floral Mile

Leslie and backward Chris, his rosebud sons,  
Converge in their soprano crocodile

On Evensong and armour-plated buns.

With salmon paste by quiet sequoia trees

Granny, whose silver hairs are strangely blue,

And grandpapa, with lightly-buttered knees,

Ponder what precious Rodney plans to do;

And Rodney by the reed-bed willow-girt,

Dazzling an angel of the afternoon

With stove-pipe trousers and a sawn-off shirt,

Plans to regain the fairway with a spoon.

Tinker and tailor ply their blue saloons,

Soldier and sailor thumb them in the street,

Rich man inflicts misleading macaroons

On poor man trudging grimly round his seat;

Old beggarman beside the Albert Hall

Warbles while thief waylays in darkest Ealing

A "weepie" queue and shares with one and all

A small insistent "this is Sunday" feeling.

DANIEL PETTIWARD

# Fanfare for Luxembourg

By A. V. DAVIS

LUXEMBOURG is a baffling country. No one knows for certain where it is, though sometimes a friend will admit having passed through it on the way somewhere else. Few people go there. Travel agents cannot quote the fare. To most of us Luxembourg is no more than a disembodied "Ploum—Ploum" coming over the medium waveband.

The currency is Belgian, the polite language French, the vulgar tongue near-German. In appearance the people resemble their Spanish and Dutch ancestors, tall, lean and mahogany-skinned or short, pale and plump. They speak French with a Belgian accent, German with a French accent and English without any accent at all.

In Luxembourg city one never loses a feeling of unreality, of time held in suspense, of living in a fictitious world. The scene is set for a romantic opera, with a painted backdrop of blue turrets

and pinnacles, and storm clouds brooding over towering heights. Yet where is the juvenile lead in his red-lined Ruritanian cloak? Where are the singing maidens? Where is Madam? Where are the gallant officers bursting into song in tight white drainpipes?

There are soldiers, it is true, in this Gibraltar of the North. They stand guard outside the Grand Ducal Palace and stamp in and out of the barracks in British khaki battledress ironed into neat squares across the back, their gaiters emitting green dust at every step. Nice boys, licked into shape by a British sarnt-major, but sadly lacking in glamour.

No one, however, can question the musical ability of the Luxembourgers. They can sing in all the languages of Europe. On my last visit I heard "La Ronde" sung by a tenor window-cleaner in the rue d'Alsace and "Wenn Ich in deine Augen sehe," by an eighteen-year-old corporal staring pensively at the

ravine from the Pont de l'Alzette. At 3 a.m. I heard two boys in the rue Zithe startling the dull night with "Sugar Bush" in Dutch. It is all the same to the vocalists of Luxembourg whether they sing "Wieviel kostet that doggie dans la vitrine?" or a version of their own in Letzeburgesch.

The Grand Duchy is, of course, the Songwriters' Paradise, the Land of Maximum Light Entertainment, with a radio station which takes pride in being first out with the latest hits.

"We often send a new number over the air before the disc has reached the music shops," I was told by two young English ex-actors who push the platters for Daily Requests on the British Service.

It would be inaccurate to say that sponsored radio has brought prosperity to Luxembourg—the country's wealth lies in its steel industry—but since the *Société Anonyme de Radiodiffusion* first sold air time in quarter-of-an-hour segments for the purpose of advertising, the name of Luxembourg has become known throughout the world. Five million listeners in Britain alone tune in on an average evening.

Bing sings three times a week (digestion aids); Vera Lynn does her stuff (No rind, no waste. Enjoy it to the last delicious crumb.) Old, new borrowed, blue, the music is always pleasant. Alive or tinned, on discs or tapes, the tunes must never be depressing.

We tourists can visit the studios at Villa Louvigny and see the publicity boys at work, drafting out commercials for soap powders. We can hear the *speakerines* reciting opening and closing credits for cough mixtures. We can admire the statue of Son Altesse Royale Madame La Grande Duchesse on the staircase and we can join local music-lovers in the Salle Trapézoidale for a Haydn symphony, tickets free on application.

The Luxembourgers never miss a good concert, whether by the Radio musicians, the Harmonie Municipale, the hot jazz exponents at the Pôle Nord or the ladies' orchestra at Brasserie Kona. On Sunday evenings blissful citizens assemble under the lime trees in the Place d'Armes, puffing cigarillos as the



"... not too tight, is it? ..."

brass band of the Grand Ducal Guard sets the wild echoes flying. They listen with joyful appreciation to contests between teams from the ironstone belt, blowing at full blast, and they give an enthusiastic reception to visiting "Fan-fares" from neighbouring villages.

Sometimes, when a *Congrès des Sapeurs Pompiers* takes place, they line the streets to cheer the fire engines laden with trombones and cornets which pour into the city from all corners of the Duchy. It is, I believe, almost impossible to get taken on as a fireman unless one has complete mastery of a musical instrument and can read Debussy at sight.

As a topic of conversation music has but one rival: football. The entire country is in the grip of football fever. Everyone follows the fortunes of Spora, Fola, Les Red Boys and the crack clubs of the Premier Division. Passionate interest is aroused by the full-blooded battles fought by Le Promotion and Division d'Honneur.

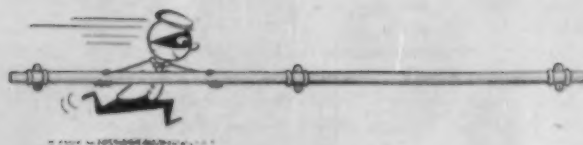
"Be on your guard, Le National," warns the Grand Ducal newspaper. "Do not under-estimate Les Stadistes... Take care Walferdange. A victory for the visitors is envisaged."

No match is ever played without a brass band in attendance. It is as essential as the first-aid contingent, its task being to announce goals and brilliant saves on the bugles and to lead the thirsty winners in triumph on the changing rooms.

In Luxembourg, music plays on every conceivable occasion: at race meetings at Diekirch, at religious feasts at Echternach, at wine tasting in the spring and grape gathering in autumn. Every small hamlet has a string orchestra, a choral society, a brass band, an accordion band and a population that dances from childhood to old age.

I was fortunate to be in Luxembourg city at the time of the Schobermesse Fair, peak event of the dancing year, first organized by John the Blind, Count of Luxembourg, whose ostrich feathers and motto were annexed at Crécy by England's Black Prince.

A biting wind was blowing and it was muddy underfoot, but the coloured lights were dazzling and "Poppa Piccolino" was loud and cheerful. I resisted the Tombola lotteries, the Finnish Bath—straight from Paris—the Transparent Woman, the Wall of



Death and the Rotor—"Collez au mur comme une mouche!"—but I could not keep away from the huge wooden dance-halls, half a dozen at least, into which the happy Luxembourgers were thronging.

"Au Tyrol" was decked out as a beer garden, with discreet little trellised alcoves for privacy, and handsomen in leather shorts and embroidered braces.

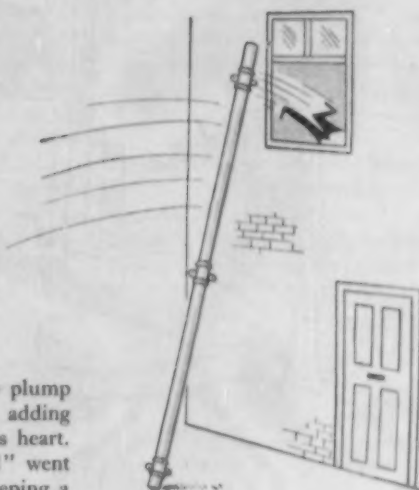
"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" sang the plump and perspiring accordionist, adding something in German about his heart.

"Kling, bong! Kling, bong!" went the cymbals and foot drum, keeping a rigid beat for the waltzing couples.

By contrast the décor of "Le Rodeo" was in the style of a Western American saloon, with cowboy waiters balancing foaming glasses aloft as they pushed through the swinging half-doors. Everywhere the dancing was non-stop; so, too, was the drinking, and the brewers of Bofferding and Funck-Bricher must have been highly gratified. Food as well as liquor was available. We dancers could restore our energy with hot meat, nougat, ice cream, crayfish and black pudding.

In the interests of "Too-riz-mee" the Syndicat d'Initiative should lose no time in advertising the Schobermesse throughout Europe. It is *sensationnelle, éblouissante, superbe!* British tourists could spend every evening of their holiday on the fairground, eating, drinking and dancing to tunes culled from Tin Pan Alley, Denmark Street and from both sides of the Iron Curtain.

One thing is certain. A warm welcome awaits us. After all, we are one of the few countries who, over the centuries, have neither occupied nor liberated Luxembourg. Our prestige has never been higher. Our Minister may not have achieved the social success of the former American *Ambassadrice*,



but he is regarded with the greatest affection and admiration. A typical English gentleman, he weeds his own flower beds and rolls his own lawn. Long live his Excellency!

We British are greeted as old friends, and our hearts respond at once to folks who share our love of shooting, fishing, rose-growing, women's luncheon clubs and Bach quartets. We feel instantly at home with people who print British soccer results in their newspapers and fill in pools based on British matches.

And where else but in Luxembourg can one dance with such abandon to "Tipperary" played as a quickstep?





"Eureka, Mrs. Cluckhammer . . . I've worked out an arrangement that will make your front room a distinct, unique projection of your personality: diamond-pattern wallpaper, Degas prints, breakfront bookcase, horseshoe couch, escritoire . . ."

## The Day Fame Passed Me By

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

IT is a bold assertion, but I think I can say that no one has been ruder than I about the television parlour game. In pub and club, in the unnatural twilight of my own sitting-room and the public glare of print, I have piled inspired vilification on the false bonhomie of chairmen, on the eager, tiny exhibitionism of challengers. Many a swingeing blow have I dealt the great viewing public, getting the entertainment it deserves and deserving the entertainment it gets; nor has its lunatic microcosm, the audience in the studio, escaped the awful fury of my displeasure.

But most fearlessly of all I have attacked the panel members, sleek, smug and well-dentured, quick to plumb a mystery that would stump a bright child of six, intolerably self-satisfied to

find themselves, without qualifications of any kind, a thousand times more famed than Dr. Johnson, a million more than Dr. Schweitzer.

Undoubtedly, I have given panel members what for.

It was a great shock to me, therefore, one afternoon not long ago, when I found myself at the Television Centre in Wood Lane, seeking audience with one who could, if only he would, appoint me to the panel of a television panel game at (I hoped) about thirty guineas per appearance. The shock was lessened to some degree by the fact that I had already asked for the interview in a preliminary letter, couched in the most grovelling terms. But I still experienced a sense of stunned self-disgust, which I should have to endure, I fully realized, until the cleansing astringent of fame

sponged it away for ever. If Mortimer Wheeler could swallow his pride, so could I. Thirty guineas was thirty guineas.

There is always an air of controlled panic in any B.B.C. canteen. It may have been because of this that I felt a growing unease as I drank a cup of tea to fill the half-hour's gap between my idea of the appointment time and that of the girl in Reception. It was the letter that began to worry me. It may have grovelled, but at the time of writing I felt that it had grovelled with grace, full of those oblique, diffident hints at the writer's wit, charm and personableness which demand such literary deftness to get across. One does not want to say in so many words that one is perfectly wonderful, but it has to be said, in effect, all the same. I felt

now that I had probably made a mess of it.

When audience time came I therefore had my apology ready, and swept into the throne room displaying a full range of teeth and saying "So good of you to see me. I'm afraid my letter was a little on the facetious side." However, the room was empty.

Like all rooms of working B.B.C. men, as opposed to the policy-makers and State-hired figure-heads, it was a small room of humble décor, and was made to seem even smaller by the framed photographs of household celebrities leering from every wall in congested phalanx. I was rehearsing my apology with a slight change of inflection when the telephone rang and a girl came briskly in, lifted the instrument, said into it "If you have an idea for a panel game please write in," consulted a book and said to me "Let me see . . . you will be Mr. —?"

I told her and she took it well, inviting me to be seated in a chair cushioned with old scripts.

"He won't be long," she said. "He's had rather a lot of—"

The telephone rang. She lifted the instrument and said "If you have an idea for a panel game please write in."

I said, with a smile so disarming that my shaving mirror had been as clay in my hands for days: "At least, I haven't come along with an idea for a panel game."

She laughed gaily, but it had a routine ring. A line about the rateable value of a prefabricated garage would have had the same effect. Then she took up a folder and went briskly out. Almost at once the great man came in. We shook hands, and I apologized for my facetious letter.

"That's all right," he said indulgently. He cleared his throat and sat at his desk. Then he cleared his desk. He was a dark, serious man, young for such high office, and seemed unlikely to be impressed by the kind of facile humorous small talk I had rehearsed in the Underground from Charing Cross. I am not, at this remove, prepared to swear that he tilted back his chair and placed his well-manicured finger-tips together, but that was the spirit of his attitude. He gave me a long, percipient look, coldly appraising. When the telephone rang, and he had delivered the statutory twelve-word ultimatum,

he depressed the receiver rest and asked that his calls should be put on to 890 for the present. Again, I am not sure of the extension. It may have been 999.

"Well, now," he said. I turned my disarming smile on at maximum penetration, and it struck him squarely between the eyes, with the full impact of a puffball on a Centurion tank.

He began to talk.

In my time I have heard many men talk about their work. With the exception, perhaps, of the surgeon and the clergyman, who tend to affect a certain levity, their talk has always carried a darkening of the brow, a symptom of intensified activity in the specialized recesses of the mind. I have been held spellbound by timber experts on the life cycle of the death

watch beetle, by musicians on Chopin's exploitation of the acciaccatura, by railwaymen on the ingenuity of catch-points. These and many more have borne me along on the powerful waters of vocational dedication. But not one approached the white heat of fanaticism consuming this celebrant and acolyte of the rites of the parlour game.

Slowly, as the words flowed, I realized that I knew nothing about this thing. Fresh new truths burst upon me. It emerged, for example, that the wit, the presence, the beauty, grace, charm and jewellery of the panellist—that was the word—were mere insignificant by-products. It was behind them that the true gold lay . . . the mental agility, the catholic informedness and sheer, freak powers of perspicacity which by the end



of the struggle would gain a victory for the panel over the challengers. The phrasing of every question was an art, the harrying of the quarry a forensic *tour de force*; why, applause-interpretation alone could be a lifetime's study. "It is essential . . ." declared my tutor, with a slight, emphatic tap on the desk. "It is the height of folly for a panellist to . . ." "On no account must he . . ." "Disaster is in store if . . ." "One false step and . . ." "The greatest pitfall is . . ."

"I see," I said, "I see. Oh, quite so," when a rare opportunity arose. But by now I was feeling shrunk in the waters of my own presumption. Any well-set-up circus midget could have overshadowed me. I groped clumsily for my hat.

"In the specimen game which we shall now play," said the man at the desk . . .

"You mean—?" I glanced around me, fearful for a moment that Harding and Lady Barnett would step from behind an arras.

"The two of us."

So that was it. I was trapped. My wits against his experience. Two grov'n men, high up in a small, hot room in Shepherd's Bush, face to face, eye to eye, no holds barred, playing Postman's Knock for a fabulous prize.

"Now?" I said. I swallowed, and it made a creaking noise.

"Now. I am an event."

"Pardon?"

One of his nostril corners momentarily lost its impassivity.

"I am an event. I can be real or imaginary, ancient or modern. What event?"

Pause.

Magna Carta Noah's Ark Wembley Exhibition Munich. It seemed rather absurd that the well-informed mind,

with several thousand years to go at, could only think of four events.

Then, with a flash: "Fact or fiction?"

"No one really knows."

Canute Alfred and the Cakes Angels of Mons.

Somewhere outside, far below, someone savagely put a lid on a dust-bin. Otherwise everything was quiet.

"Can you eat it?"

You couldn't. Not a good question. Now was the time to throw in a bit of panellist's by-play, tugging the ear thoughtfully, or tittering an aside to Helen Cherry. Even a bit of facile humorous small talk would have been something.

Then, suddenly, there floated into my mind a tattered shred of his recent exposition . . . the absolute necessity, in unravelling the historical enigma, to narrow down the place and date.

"In this country?" I shot at him keenly.

"No."

So much for the place. Now for the date. Get a thing like this fined down to, say, the pre-Christian era or the Middle Ages and you were half-way home. I felt an uprush of returning confidence, and leant gracefully forward, presenting a disarming profile to camera No. 3.

"A.C. or D.C.?" I asked.

He passed a hand across his chin and a barely audible sigh escaped him. About ten seconds later the panel gave it up.

As he led me, stumbling, to the door I mumbled my thanks for a very interesting half-hour. "By the way," I said—"what were you?"

"I've always been with the Corporation."

"I mean what event?"

"Oh," he said. "Nero fiddling while Rome burned."

"Thank you," I said. "And good afternoon."

He wasn't the only one, I thought, as I began my hunt for the lift-shaft.

## Ballade of a Psychiatric Social Worker

THEY bring me lads who have had their share

Of trouble in street and meadow and wold.

I try to straighten and set foursquare

Young life trampled into the mould.

How I have sympathized, talked, cajoled—

What they need is a chance to explain—

But sooner or later when all is told

All my favourites do it again.

What remarkable boys they were!

Harry the Knife once found and sold

A concrete-mixer on Clacton pier.

What odd little reefers Chancey rolled!

And the Strangler's curious Vardon hold!

The Sunday papers are rather a strain,

Seeing my failures in ten-point bold.

All my favourites do it again.

I say to myself "Well, never despair."

When Smiler quitted my little fold

Cured and happy and free as the air

He found his railway carriage was cold,

So, helped by a seventy-six-year-old

Senile delinquent, he wrecked the train;

Somehow I hadn't the heart to scold;

All my favourites do it again.

Prince, you have been as good as gold  
Since you "borrowed" that aeroplane.

You're my reward a thousandfold.

All my favourites do it again.

PETER DICKINSON







DAVID LUTHER

# Slick Family Robinson

By LESLIE MARSH

IT was an inscrutable manifestation of the Supreme Will that so rudely terminated by tempest our first holiday cruise, a luxury in which I had indulged my family as a respite from our united labours in calculating correctly, after prolonged study and prayer, the outcome of speed contests between our dumb friends over measured courses. As our ship foundered amid the horrid cries of crew and fellow passengers I retained my serenity, gathered my loved ones round me and assuaged their fears,

with." After condemning the sin of gluttony I deemed the moment ripe for instruction. "These, my boy, are strawberries, well-known fruit plants of the genus *Fragaria*. In 1714 M. Frezier took to Europe five plants of Chilean strawberries. Should a merciful Providence deliver us from these remote regions into the bosom of our brethren in the great cities you may engage in the commerce of this delicacy. You will perceive very soon that your fellows will appear forlorn and dismayed if they

benefactions and marched them back to our little camp.

When the sun had risen anew my young explorers were eager to be off again, and now it was Jack who made the first discovery, a grove of coconut palms. "See, father, how easily they fall from the tree," cried he. "That is true, my generous boy," answered I, "but I wish you to reflect that that which is lightly gained is of little value. If this plant could speak it would most likely say 'That little boy, when he grows up, perhaps to frequent the fairgrounds and provide cheap, healthy exercise and entertainment for the happy folk taking their leisure there, will let me fall and bruise myself on the hard ground too quickly. Let him but learn to glue me fairly firmly to a stake so that the people who pay him to throw balls to knock me off may not find their every whim gratified without salutary effort.' For thus, Jack, if you take the plant's advice, you may assure longer and more challenging amusement for the throwers."

Pausing only to mention that the trunk of the *cocos nucifera* yields a timber known in European commerce as porcupine wood and that one thousand full-sized nuts will yield upwards of five hundred pounds of copra, I urged the expedition to resume, fighting off the risk of fatigue with good-humoured discourse until the blessing of repose was vouchsafed to us.

I cannot tell of all the favours Providence cast upon us; in the intervals of offering our thanks we found time



"Let us show ourselves worthy of the blessings placed in our way," said I, "and secure ourselves without delay in this one surviving small boat, taking care that it does not become overlaid, for such folly would endanger the lives of others who misguidedly sought to crowd into so frail a timber."

So by nightfall my dear wife, chubby Francis, pretty Fritz, laughing Jack and idle Ernest, with their farsighted father, reached a fertile island in safety, carrying ashore a few hastily gathered impedimenta; the remainder of the ship's provender, a mariner's compact armoury of tools, clean linen from the steward's store and some volumes of an encyclopædia.

Next morning, no sooner had we slaked hunger and thirst and returned thanks for the crowning mercy of having remembered the salt, than we set off on a journey of exploration. Fritz, running ahead of the other little travellers, gave a glad cry on espying a bed of berries. "Father, father, their taste is sweet. I must eat many to make sure that they are fit to regale my mother and brothers

see fruits of the more meagre size at the top of the basket. Dispose these lesser berries, then, underneath, placing a few larger ones above. Thus you will spread cheer among those with whom you traffic, as we must ever labour to do."

The children, weary with their long expedition, were asleep. Not wishing to tire them further, I merely awakened them to express gratitude for the day's



to build a habitable shelter from the timber which abounded, with the help of the augers, adzes, pulleys, winches and cranes we had prudently salvaged. The boys were delighted.

*Ernest*—This, I declare, is the only house for many a mile around.

*Father*—You are not mistaken, my boy. An all-seeing benevolence has provided it for us at no cost, but if it stood in such splendid isolation in a civilized country it would command a great price.

*Ernest*—How much, father?

*Father*—Almost anything, my young philosopher, you asked. Even so, if you were to divide it into four, placing a basin here and a jug there, it would become an apartment house and the yield to the owner would be multiplied fourfold. Thus by frugality and economy we may learn true contentment."

It was soon after the house had been built that young Francis came upon a troop of surprisingly docile horses, relics of a previous population, running at play in a verdant plain.

"Which do you say is the fastest?" asked Jack. "The black one with the long mane, I declare."

"No, Mr. Jack," answered Ernest. "It is not as you suppose. It is, I vow, the grey with the splash of brown."

"Come, my lads, I will have no disputes," interrupted I. While they had been surveying the horses I had



been speaking gently to the animals and winning their confidence. "We shall soon see which is the fastest. He who guesses builds on sand; he who argues from knowledge stands on a firm foundation." So saying, I separated the black and the grey from the rest of the troop, cajoled them into standing still, side by side, and then slipped into the grey's mouth a powerful opiate of which I had thoughtfully removed a plentiful stock from the ship doctor's store before our barque foundered. "Now, gentlemen, your father, whose wisdom garnered over the years is not to be lightly despised, assures you that the black horse is the faster." With that I gave both beasts a sharp pat.

The black bounded away like the wind; the grey, as I had foreseen, drowsy from the swift-working drug, lumbered slowly behind.

"Be at all times ready, my young philosophers," said I, "to profit from information. Mark the condition of the contestants in a trial of speed and take thought, and if necessary action, before backing your judgment by investment. Thus may the virtue of prudence reap its just reward."

Scarce had we retraced our steps to the beach than a friendly pinnacle which eventually restored us to the mainland hove into view; in order not to miss the boat (for we had a lot to pack) I had to curtail the customary evening devotions.

## They Care for Nobody—No, not They

*For Sale. Mill House, wealth of oak beams, excellent fishing, old world garden, London 50 mins.—Advertisement*

THE stockbrokers of England  
Have bought up every mill.

It used to go round and round, they said,  
Grinding the corn to make the bread,

And now it's quiet and still.

It used to go round and round and round,  
It clacked the wheel and the corn was ground,  
And now it's quiet and still.

The stockbrokers of England

Hang hams from every beam.  
They've bought the mill but they don't make swill  
And never they see a pig until

He's cured and swimming in cream.  
Their sties are empty; their pies are bought;  
They stroll by the stream in vacant thought,  
And quietly flows the stream.

The stockbrokers of England  
(Fly fishermen ev'ry one)

Fish in the mill, they're fishing there still,  
And the fish are enjoying the fun.  
But the miller would sit in his ancient boat  
There by the nettles, with worm and float,  
And he'd pull in the eels by the ton.

The stockbrokers of England

Plant toadstools by the drive.  
A cocktail night, they get a bit tight,  
Turn on the light, you'll see them all right,  
The toadstools by the drive.

It used to be clacking and clacking and clacking  
And now it is nothing but limousines backing.  
Good night! Good night! Good night!  
Good night. Good night. Good night.

GIDEON TODE



# Three Days in Grimsby

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

(For those who are not entirely satisfied with cricketing reports from Australia.)

A SHOP in Billiter Street was advertising "athletic clothing" — "Gentlemen's Cotton Socks, 6 pairs for 1s. 6d.; Cricketing flannel trousers, 10s. 6d.; Cricketing Shoes (spiked), 8s. 9d.; Gentlemen's Thin Pantaloon, 1s. 6d. pair." Cricket bats ("unrivalled") could be bought in the Strand for "3s. 6d. each." Leg guards of superior workmanship ("made on the premises, are well padded, the Cane seldom working through, as found in those of other makers, strongly recommended for general use") could be bought from Newington Causeway for "as little as a few shillings." And the discount for prompt cash payment was five per cent.

The year was 1876.

On July 10 a team known as the United South of England Eleven and captained by Dr. W. G. Grace met Twenty-two of Worsley Club at Grimsby. It was a three-day match, the weather was settled, and when Grace won the toss he made the announcement "We bat" without recourse to words. He merely grinned.

Umpires Mortlock and Anthony took the field just ahead of the twenty-two of Worsley. The field was set to save runs. There were eight men on the boundary and twelve more arranged in a tight circle round the pitch. There was a

"long-stop" and a "point," a "long-field-on" and a "longfield-off." The more-or-less-flannelled fieldsmen polka-dotted the ground in such a way that a hit for six seemed the only possible scoring stroke.

Grace and Humphrey quickly settled down against a steady round-arm attack and runs came slowly. The crowd cheered the Master as he prodded short singles to mid-wicket, roared their approval of bowler Scott when he flattened Humphrey's middle stump for 22 runs, and applauded Parke and perhaps the umpire when they removed the next batsman, Holmes, with an l.b.w. decision. Dr. Grace, too, was hit on the pads, but not often enough to encourage the bowler to indulge in the temerity of an appeal, and not so often that there was any danger of the "Cane working through."

The day wore on. There were intervals for lunch, drinks and tea, and at stumps the United Eleven were still batting, with Dr. Grace emphatically not out and already worth more than a hundred runs. He had batted all day without giving a chance to the twenty-two fielders or uttering a reprimand to the umpires.

He batted throughout the next day.

And he batted until "late in the afternoon of the third day" when his score was 400 not out. He had run out of partners. He had hit 4 sixes, 21 fours, 6 threes, 58 twos, and 158 singles, and was thirteen hours and a half at the wicket. A contemporary account maintains that "He gave no chance until he had made 350 runs."

In the hour or so that remained for play the weary twenty-two of Worsley batted without enthusiasm or success. The game ended with the score at 88 for eleven and the book records that "Rev. J. P. Young, Rev. J. W. Loft, and Messrs. F. Payley, T. Scott, E. Hibbitt, W. Parke, P. Aitken, Martindale, G. H.

Clarke, and J. North did not bat." We must not be too hard on "W.G." In those days declarations were illegal: the batting side remained at the wicket until all ten wickets had been taken. But it was perfectly fair and only too reasonable of course to expect a batting side to "get themselves out" in time to win the match. Unfortunately for Worsley and the ten who "did not bat," Grace believed in the strictest possible interpretation of the Laws of Cricket.

At this time he was a young man in the prime of life, a man of immense strength and endurance. Later he often declared that his innings at Grimsby was the finest of his career. What Martindale, Clarke, North or the Rev. Young thought about it is a matter for conjecture . . .

"An' what's more," said G. H. Clarke, rubbing his stockinged feet, "the blighter goes on to bowl right away."

"Bowl!" said J. North. "He'd bowl both ends if he could!"

"We must not be uncharitable, lads," said the Rev. J. P. Young, "but it's a fact that he bowled 6,201 balls this last season, more than twice as many as such performers as Emmett, Mycroft, Ulyett, Oscroft, Shaw and Gilbert."

"Aye," said North, "an' he probably appealed 6,201 times too!"

I am sending a copy of this story to Hutton and his team in the hope that they will follow the example of the G.O.M. of cricket and inject a tougher, more assertive and more appealing note into their game. And I warn all village cricketers in Surrey that next season there will be no "sporting declarations" where I am concerned. Four hundred not out may be a little beyond my powers as a batsman, but six thousand two hundred and one appeals from deep mid-off are always possible.

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*The Sapper*

Always supposing enough had been printed.





Q/BAKE



"D'you mind losing a little ground."

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Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d. \* Elsewhere Overseas 3d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner \* Canadian Magazine Post † Printed Papers—Reduced Rate.

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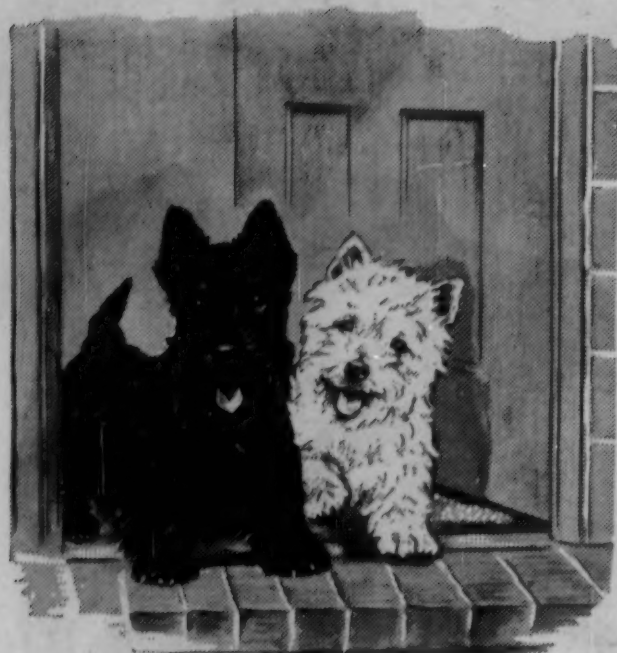
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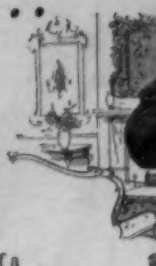
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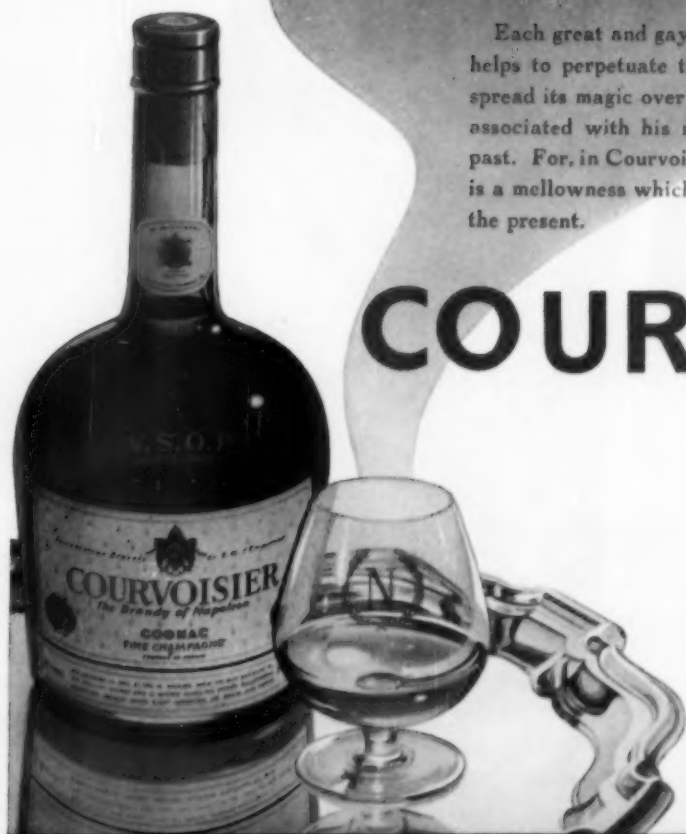
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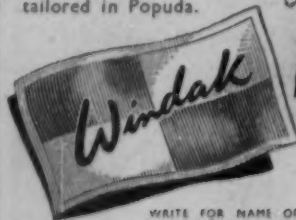
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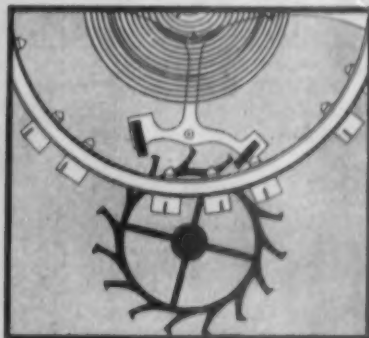


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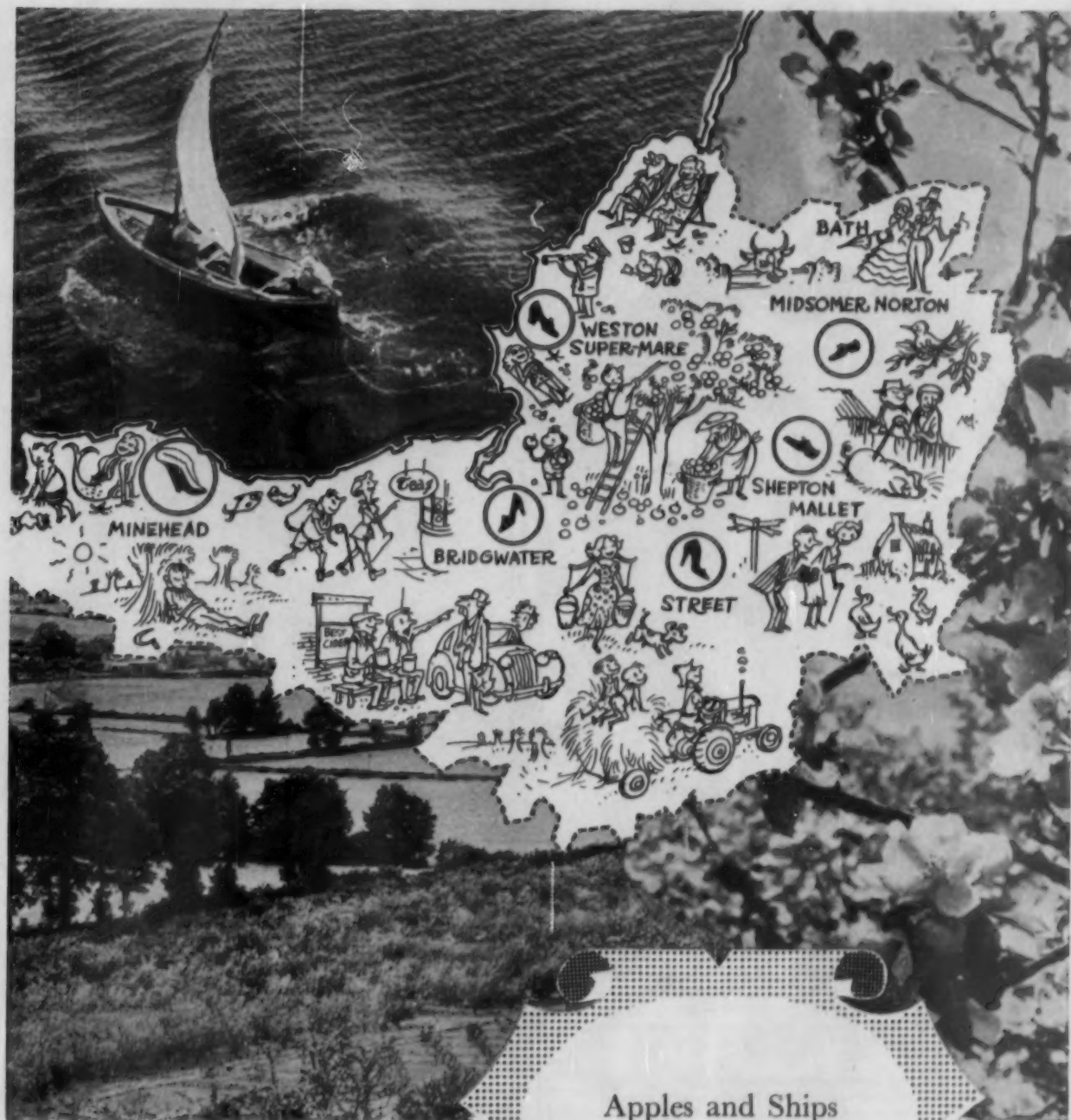
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# The Englishman's<sup>\*</sup> Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen<sup>\*</sup> should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.



1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe", especially when accompanied by savouries.

3. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

<sup>\*</sup> To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose picnures know no frontier.

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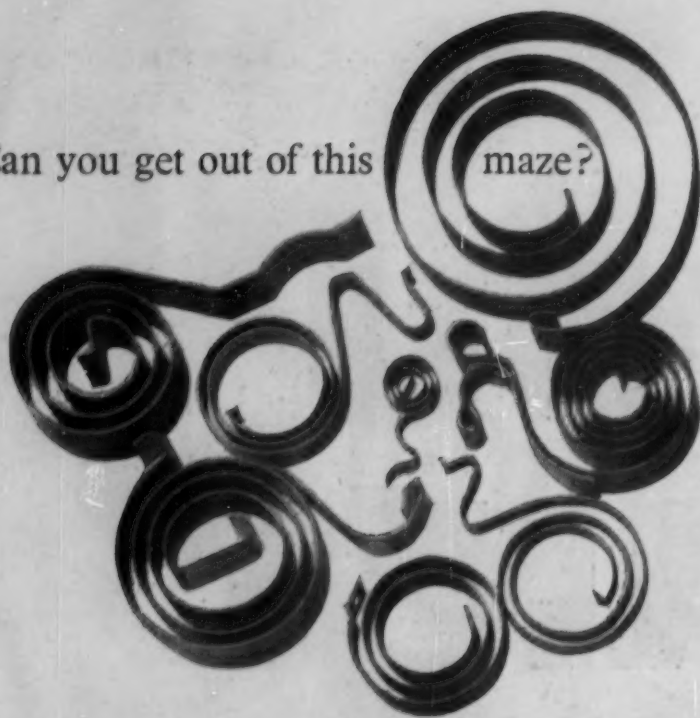


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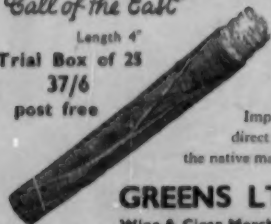
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